

We Will Pay You to Make . . . . .  
MONDAY AND TUESDAY  
The Largest Sales Days of the Year

# At High's Busy Corner

In every department we shall offer extraordinary values for these two days. Our Silk and Dress Goods Stock is replete with all the novelties of the season. If you will come Monday or Tuesday we promise you special values in all the newest fabrics.

We cannot promise all the items for Tuesday, as in some lines we own only small quantities.

Come early and get the pick of our Imported Novelty Suits, only one of a kind. Will put them on next month's bill for you.

## Dress Goods DEPARTMENT

On Bargain Table,

One lot Fancy Taffeta 25c

Brocades . . . . .

One lot Fancy Satin Brocades, all the new colors, worth 39c

at . . . . .

One lot Fancy Brocade Taffetas, all in shades, big value at 65c

One lot Fancy Brocade Taffetas, the new things out, worth 75c

regular \$1.10 goods, at . . . . .

One lot Black Taffetas, 22 inches wide, worth 98c, at . . . . .

One lot Black Brocade G. 69c

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One mixed lot, 45-inch, all wool

effects, in all the new designs,

worth up to 80c, your choice

of more than 150 styles, at . . . . .

49c

One mixed lot Novelty Suiting,

English effects, would be

29c

One mixed lot all wool La-

Cloth, 75c value, at . . . . .

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# SHREWSBURY

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

## CHAPTER XXVII.

I believe that it is one thing to expect with calmness the time when you know to be inevitable, and quite another and a far more difficult thing to assume the same brow where hope and a chance remain. I am not greatly ashamed, therefore, that in a crisis which amply justified all the horrors of the rebellion, which might well feel at the present of sudden and violent revolution, I fell below the heroic standard, and said, and did things miles apart Achille.

Nevertheless it is with no good will I dwell on the matter; in writing, as in life, there are decencies and indecencies; this is one of the latter.

"Mr. Ferguson is so far right," said the pane, "if we let this person go to perfect his evidence against us, we shall be very foolish. Clearly, it is to set a premium on treason."

"Then let Mr. Ferguson deal with him," Cassel answered, curiously. "He is his man and it is his business. I don't lay a hand on him, and can't be expected to do so."

"Nor I. Not that is," cried several with eagerness. God knows if they thought in their hearts to carry favor with me."

"You are all mad!" Ferguson cried, beating the air.

"And you are a coward!" Cassel retorted.

"As a son of Adam as you are, you are taken you'll peach," Ferguson said. "God, you know you will. You will peach. You are as white livered a cur as ever lived!"

Then seeing them divided and the most blood-minded of them—for such Cassel had been a short time before—taking up my cause, I thought that for certain the bitterness of death was past, and I took

"Good," said Cassel, with an oath. "I took

below the hook, and held them by

the next moment, I had no vision, as I

have read some of the things done in my life, but the set dark faces that

hemmed me in under the light, the grim

looks of one, and the scared pallor of another.

Ferguson's hideous visage as he

he lowered his head, and the

halls between terms and evolutions

these, even enlarged and multiplied, I saw with a dreadful clearness, and a keenness

of vision that of itself was torture.

"O, God!" I cried. "O, God! I felt that

I could wrap myself with terror—with

terror of what was to come; yet from man

I could see no help.

"Ah, man, pray," said Charnock inexorably. "Pray, for you must die. We will give you one minute. Her comes the rope. With your face."

"A fool," cried a harsh, gibing voice, from

somewhere beyond the circle. "No other."

I started convulsively. I had forgotten the girl's presence. So, doubtless had the conspirators, for at the sound they turned quickly toward her, and the ring of men opened out in a wide circle, and I was visible to all. She stood confronting all, daring all. Her lips red, her face white as paper, her eyes glittering with a strange wild fierceness. Long afterwards she told me that the sound of shrieks and cries ringing in her ears had been all the more that she could hear that as screaming arose on scream she had driven the nails into her palms until her hands bled, and so, and so only had been able to restrain herself, knowing well that if she would intervene to speak, then time would be lost.

Now that it was over, nothing could exceed the mockery and scorn that rang in her tone. "A fool," she cried stridently, "has fetched it, and a fool will fasten it! And, let who hang, they will hang. And two of you, and you will back them up, hang them. Why, you are all fools, or you would take care that every man among you put his hand to the job, and was as deep as another. Or, if you like precedence, and it is a question of fastening it, the man who is deceived is as good as done away—the last that he did, wrote the noose tight! Let that man挂 it!" And with pitiless finger she pointed to the old plotter, who, sneaking and cringing in the background, had already his eye on the door, and his hand on retreat. "Let him hang, who is fit."

"You shut!" he roared, his eyes squinting, his face livid with fury. "Your tongue shall be slit. To your garret, vixen."

But the others, as was not unnatural, saw the matter in a different light. "By Jove, we'll be even with you, Keyes, and Keyes saying the same, and another bairn him, there was a general chorus of "Ay, the girl is right. The girl is right!"

At that the man who had brought the rope threw it down. "There's for me!" he said gloomily, and with an ugly gleam in his eye. "The old devil take it up. It is his job, not mine, and if I swing he shall swing, too."

"Fair!" cried all. "That's fair!" And "That's fair" is fair, Mr. Ferguson," said Charnock.

"Do you put the rope round his neck?"

"I'll," Ferguson spluttered, glaring from under his wig.

"Yes, you'll" the man who had brought the rope retorted with violence. "You! And why not, I'd like to know, my gentleman."

"I am no hangman," cried the plotter with a miserable assumption at dignity.

But the words and the evasion only inflamed the general rage. "And are we?" Cassel roared, with a volley of oaths. "You cowards, you scoundrels, you scoundrels, you scoundrels!" he continued. "Do you think that we are here to do your dirty work and squeeze throats at your bidding. Pest! For a gall of hounds will split your tongue for you. That and your peers have done to me much harm already."

"I'll," Ferguson retorted, "do softie, man. And do you, Mr. Ferguson, take up the rope and do your part. Otherwise we shall have strange thoughts of you. There have been things said, before, and it were well you gave no color to them."

I cannot believe that, in writing this a few minutes before I had written in their hands, and screaming and begging for life, could have presented a more pitiful spectacle than Ferguson exhibited, thus brought to book. All the base and craven nature of low-born scoundrels, brought to the surface by the challenge thus flung in his face, he quailed and cowered before the men; and shifting his feet and breathing hard glared askance, first at one and then at another, as if to see who was the most ready to pounce on him. Afterward I learned that the woman, Smith at the lady's house in the outskirts, let the girl's face drop again, with a little lift of her fingers. "Doris and Strophen, I see!" she said, with a sneer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

What the girl answered I did not catch, for as she raised her head again to reply my ear caught the sound of danger, danger, danger, and the plotter, with his hands longer inclosed, a mere抓紧 of oaths and calling of hideous fate on his head if he had ever betrayed, if he had ever sold, if he had ever deceived, now raised to a steady current of wrathful denunciation. And the men listened; he had the ear again, he had no longer on his trial. Afterward I learned that the woman, Smith, by stating what I had stated to him—namely, that the secretary had used Ferguson as the intermediary through whom to was Berwick—had confirmed the plotter's story, and the stroke had rested his position. Wherever full of spite, and desperately certain however exposed he lay on other sides, I at any rate knew enough to hang him, the wretched man had set himself anew to compass my destruction. Deterred neither by the check of his own reason, nor the plotters' oaths of the conspirators who responded to his appeal, he drove home again and again and with wild words and wuth oaths the one point on which he relied, the one point that was to dear to him that he could not understand their base intent.

"Waste of time?" he cried. "We would be better employed looking to ourselves and slipping away to Romney, would we? But you are fools! You are babies! There is the evidence to prove it to you all! There is the evidence in your hands! And he will him."

"There is evidence without him," said Smith, sulky. "Where is Prendergast?"

"Oh, he is honest."

"Ay, or better, let me have two minutes' talk with him here, and if he comes to my way of thinking I will answer for him."

"Answer for him?" Ferguson cried with a snarl. "If you answer for him no better than I did, you will give us small security."

"Ay, but I am not you, Mr. Ferguson," Smith retorted, in a tone of contempt.

"Fshaw!" Ferguson cried, in a rage at the progress of his plot. "I am too high and mighty to mix with us, and will only eat the chestnut when we have got it out of the fire! For that matter, where are Friend and Parkyns? They are not here."

"They are Sir John Fenwick, for that matter?" replied the man who had been swerved for Prendergast. "He is too high and mighty to mix with us, and will only eat the chestnut when we have got it out of the fire!"

"For that matter, where are Friend and Parkyns? They are not here."

"They are Sir John Fenwick, for that matter?"



## GRAPHIC IMPRESSIONS OF THE NATIONAL BANKERS' CONVENTION GATHERED BY A SOUTHERN WOMAN

Interesting Sketches and Studies of the Detroit Meeting Where Capital and Capitalists Were Gathered.

Distinguished Men Who Came To Participate in the Doings of the Convention—Capt. Robert Lowry and the Georgia Delegation Were Received With Honors.

BY ISMA DOOLY.

At the recent meeting of the American Bankers' Association in Detroit Captain Robert J. Lowry, of the Lowry Banking Company, presided over the largest convention since the organization of the association.

On the first day several delegates greeted his opening address with thunderous applause and it was a source of regret among the Georgia contingent present that there was not a larger number of Atlanta bankers present to join in the ovation accorded him.

While it is considered that this body of men, representing the American Bankers' Association, manipulate millions of dollars and that their individual fortunes summed up, would aggregate an amount that would out value the treasury of any nation in the world, it may be appreciated that the man called to preside over a convention such as the one held in Detroit, has been distinguished among American financiers and honored greatly by his fellow bankers.

Captain Lowry is the second southern man honored with the presidency of the association since its organization, and while it is recognized that he is not a banker, has not distinguished him among innumerable millionaire bankers, the honor that was conferred upon him seems the greater and arose from the popularity he enjoys among the financiers of the country, and the trust that was imposed in him as a member of this powerful body of Atlanta bankers.

That he has been worthy the honor has been most practically emphasized by his untiring interest in the association as president and by the results as seen in the increased membership of the organization for this year. Nine hundred new names have been added to the rolls of members and the reports read at the recent meeting by the officials and various chairmen proved that the year has been one happily prosperous for the organization. It cannot be superfluous to state in connection with Captain Lowry's success as president that, though he may not have been the wealthiest banker in the convention, the wealthiest man from a standpoint of avoidance there was not in the entire assembly a better looking man or one whose voice was more impressive or far-reaching in its influence, as he addressed his audience either on occasions of business or social gatherings.

Among the distinguished features of the convention were the addresses of Mr. James H. Eckels, comptroller of the currency, and the last day's session, when the tide of the election for vice president was turned from the candidate nominated by the nominating committee to the candidate nominated for the floor, and undoubtedly elected by the eloquent speech made in his favor by Hon. Gunby Jordan, of Columbus, Ga.

The nominating committee, composed largely of New York delegates, had selected Mr. George H. Russell, of Detroit, as their man, but the popular preference was for Mr. George H. Russell, of Detroit, Mich. At the session devoted to the election, the greatest conflict arose through the speeches made by the friends of both men. Long and excited arguments moved the assembly, the lady delegate from New York, Mrs. Tracy, who had been instrumental in causing the election to be held, and the man to cast his vote for Tracy, though she sat with a party of southern women "out and out" for Russell, and it was a moment when a decisive speech was needed to elect either man.

Suddenly a deep ringing voice called out: "Mr. President," and the latter, using the gold gavel presented him by the association, announced: "Call the roll of Georgia." He arose to the occasion and made a speech that in its reason and eloquent expression, subdued the impending argument and may be said to have been the turning point that elected Russell "two to one."

Distinguished Men in the Convention.

Mr. Hendricks, the newly elected president of the association, is president of the National Union bank, of New York city, and is spoken of as a possible opponent to Seth Low in his race for the office of mayor of New York. He was an imposing figure in the convention, and a man of unusual force. He possesses the remarkable head that phrenologists analyze as being that of the typical financier. With his remarkable financial ability he is said to possess many of the characteristics of the statesman, and to be a man who has been born a career in the brilliant world of high-financial and political. He has the genial manner and gift of humor that make him popular socially, and at the dinner party given by the Detroit bankers to Captain Lowry the toast proposed by Mr. Hendricks was pronounced a gem of "wit and humor."

The young financier, Mr. George H. Russell, is said to be the most popular banker in Michigan and is president of the State Savings bank, of Detroit, which has a capital of \$5,000,000. He is prominently associated with the leading corporations of the city and is a man universally respected and admired.

Mr. Eckels' Address.

The address made by Mr. Eckels, comptroller of the currency, was a topic of enthusiastic discussion. His rather slight physique and boyish countenance might at first attract little attention, but a glance at his wonderfully keen eyes and remarkable forehead would convince one of his distinction and capacity. To his address he imparted the irresistible attraction of his personality and he held his audience with that magnetic force that is the attribute of the great man. Socially, Mr. Eckels has a manner of gentleness and unassuming, and has a air of timidity, then with "dash" and "dash" to meet with his school boy appearance that impresses one at a first glance. Mr. Eckels, by the way, spoke in enthusiastic terms of Atlanta and seemed impressed particularly by the beauty and charm of the southern women—a number of whom he had met during his visits south.

The Woman Delegate.

A unique figure at the sessions of the bankers' convention was Mrs. Humphrey, of Warsaw, N. Y., who enjoyed the distinction of being the one woman delegate, and vice president and director of a well-known New York bank. She has been much accosted to regard Mrs. Hattie Green as the great woman financier of America are apt to picture all women financiers with the hard, determined face that is familiar to newspaper readers as that of Mrs. Green. But Mrs. Humphrey has a face rather remarkable for womanliness. She is a brus-

an arrangement with my stenographer to call me to the phone after a five minutes' talk with my confiding friend."

About 400 women have counts with Miss Kingsley, whose lovely face and gentle manners have not only attracted the gentlemen "investigating the woman's department," but all the women who have seen her.

### Western Hospitality.

The visiting strangers in the convention pronounced Detroit the most hospitable city in which they had been entertained. Not only were all the social clubs thrown open to the visitors, but the palatial homes of the wealthy citizens. The entertain-

prominent and popular bankers of Detroit, and Miss Sallie Russell, of Grosse Point. The entertainments that especially delighted the visitors from the west were the boating and yachting parties Wednesday afternoon. The entire convention was entertained in a party up St. Clair lake. The party enjoyed the boat ride fifteen miles up the lake, an elegant luncheon served on board and rested at a charming clubhouse at the "Inn."

The "Inn" consists of a series of large, comfortable club and hotel built along the lake side and from their beauty and picturesque environments, the site is called the "Little Venice of America."

The ride home by moonlight was delightful, an orchestra on board furnishing charming music while the bankers, one and all, seemed to have joined in to make the occasion one of great merriment.

### At "Walkersville."

The most sumptuous entertainment given during the convention was that at "Walkersville," the island owned by Mr. Hiram Walker, the head of the firm known to



MR. WILLIAM H. KISER.

MISS LUCY PEEL.

The Announcement of Their Engagement During the Past Week Promises One of the Most Brilliant Weddings of the Indian Summer.

the sessions and attention to the various rights that best the average man as well as woman, indicates her unusual interest in all financial matters. She has her voice in all questions brought before the convention and seems to appreciate the possibilities which devolve upon her as a delegate to a bankers' convention. "Circumstances not permitting" she has given up her place in the convention, from a standpoint of avoidance, there was not in the entire assembly a better looking man or one whose voice was more impressive or far-reaching in its influence, as he addressed his audience either on occasions of business or social gatherings.

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weight on his shoulders



# THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to  
The Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY, AUGUST 29, 1897.

## EARLY TIMES IN KENTUCKY

BY  
W. THOMSON.

In the winter of 1837, when I was thirteen years of age, there came from Kentucky to visit us an old hunter named Timothy Terry, a cousin of my mother's father, whom we, and every one, always called "Uncle Tim."

Notwithstanding his eighty-three years, Mr. Terry was still a strong, vigorous man, straight as the ramrod of his ancient flintlock rifle and about as active as a well-preserved man of fifty.

During the long evenings it was the delight of us youngsters to gather in front of the great open fire in our woodland home and listen to the wondrous tales of his adventurous life to which we were treated by Uncle Tim.

On one of these occasions I asked him if he had ever met the "father of Kentucky," Daniel Boone.

"Met him?" echoed the old gentleman, "why he saved my life once, and, though I was nineteen years younger than he, we were warm friends for years, and tramped side by side over most of the then wild region, since called the dark and bloody ground."

"It was this way, children: 'n the spring of 1775, when I was a spry young fellow of twenty-one, and living with my parents in Virginia, there came to us such exciting rumors of the abundance of game and fertility of soil in that then almost unknown territory, that I and my friend, Charley Cornell, determined to visit it and if expedient, stelle down somewhere within its borders."

"Our preparations were completed by the middle of May, and taking with us two pack horses, carrying supplies for present use, a dozen traps, a few simple tools and lots of powder, lead and gun flints—no percussion locks in those days—we set off on our long tramp.

"Passing in due time through a great gap of the Cumberland mountains, we came at last to a magnificent, well-watered region, a veritable 'hunter's paradise.'

"O, how glorious!" interrupted one of the boys. "There wasn't much danger of starving; was there, Uncle Tim?"

"No, indeed. We fared sumptuously every day, for we could at any time, and almost without stirring from our tracks, shoot a buffalo calf, a fat turkey, a young deer or a brace of grouse or ducks; and when we fancied fish a few minutes' angling in any of the streams supplied the want."

"How we, utterly unacquainted with their ways, escaped discovery, capture and death by wandering Indians, has always been a mystery to me. We had settled in a rough log cabin, which we built for ourselves in a densely wooded ravine, near the Kentucky river, and about sixteen miles above the strong Boonesboro fort, though we did not know till afterwards that such existed."

"It was early in November, and, so far, nothing had occurred to interrupt our trapping, which had proved so successful that we had already secured a large quantity of valuable furs and were planning to make a trip to Virginia before snow

into strong staples which passed clear through the logs and were clinched on the inside. At night we placed a great hickory bar across the inner side of the door, so that it could be no more easily forced than any part of the solid walls—but we forgot the roof!"

"One morning, on returning from our traps with the night's catch, we found everything outside the hut looking as usual, but on entering the 12x14 room we instantly saw that every package of furs was gone. Nothing else was missing.

"For a minute or so we were completely nonplussed; but then we noticed that two slabs and their joint covering piece in the roof—only seven feet above the earthen floor—had been lifted and then replaced. Why they had thus tried to conceal all

though some of them have just stolen our furs," said Charley.

"Yes, I've been listening to your talk, boys, and know how things stand," rejoined Boone, "and now, if you want to save your lives, you must come down to the fort with me, for the reds will be sure to see you taking up your traps, and will know that you're going to quit soon. Then, when you'll likely come at daybreak tomorrow morning and take it, and your scalps, too. But, as they've not seen me yet, and won't see me till I want them to, they'll never guess that I'm in the cabin, and (with a grim sort of smile) I really don't think they'll get any scalps or plunder this time."

"But, Mr. Boone," I said, "what fort are you speaking of I didn't know there was such a thing in this part of the world."

"There hasn't been for very long," he replied, "but there is now, and a good strong one. It's about sixteen miles down the river, and I call it Boonesboro. There are lots of people in it already, but we can find room for a few more, especially when they carry rifles. So get your traps and horses into the cabin some time before

fellows to fight. They've decided to make a simultaneous rush for the door and roof. I think, judging from the voices that there's not more than fifteen or sixteen of them."

"Naturally, Charley and I were a good deal scared at the prospect of a fight, and one of us asked Boone what we must do.

"First thing," said he, "see that your rifle flints are in good shape and the powder in the pans is fresh and bright—a missfire might cost a life. Then you (addressing me) squat in a dark corner and watch the roof, while your friend and I will take loopholes on each side of the door. Rifles in perfect order, you say? Just in time, then; the reds are moving."

"Although neither Charley nor I could hear the slightest rustle among the bushes, we knew that Daniel Boone made few mistakes."

"We had not long to wait. Presently I heard the soft shuffle of moccasined feet overhead, while my comrade, peering through the loopholes, saw twelve warriors zigzagging through the heavy brushwood in front, and staggering under the weight of a big log intended for a battering ram. I had barely time to hear Boone say: 'Take the first redskin on your side, boy, and I'll fix the one on mine,' when the loosened roof slabs were once more stealthily lifted and I saw four war-painted Indians looking down into the hut's interior, as if not yet able to see well in its comparative darkness. One of them, a horrible-looking fellow, held a knife in his hand, and at him I fired. But, though I was even then an expert rifle shot, the idea of taking human life so unnerved me that my bullet merely broke the man's right arm, whereupon the knife—I have it yet—dropped to the floor, and with hideous yells the four braves scurried back across the sapling, for at that moment they and their friends in front, or at least ten of them, heard two more shots fired from inside the hut—a surprise so complete that picking up the two warriors killed by my comrades, the whole band hurried off toward the north.

"The thing was worked exactly as I expected," said Boone. "The reds don't know for certain how many men may be in the cabin, and they're gone to their camp, about six miles from here, for help, but they'll hold a big pow-wow over their dead and won't be back for hours. Now, let's pack the horses and be off at once."

"In ten minutes everything was ready, and, first setting fire to the shanty, we started."

"For four hours we tramped steadily on without being molested, and then, within a mile of the fort, came to a shallow, bushy ravine, about fifty yards from whose edge and between it and us stood an isolated clump of hickory and ash trees, so clear of underbrush that we at once knew no Indians could be there. Boone brought us to a halt behind this clump and said: 'We don't go into that gully too fast, boys. The Delawares are keeping a close watch on the fort lately and some of their scouts may be among those tall bushes.' And laying down he put one ear to the ground, intently listening, while Charley and I with creepy chills running up and down our backs, kept silent as cat-watched mice.

"In a minute or so Boone arose and gently said: 'Yes, there's a band of Indians in the hollow. I don't know exactly how many, but I heard the soft snap of at least a dozen bows being strung and the clink, clink, of loosened tomahawks. They've not been on this side of the gully at all, but, of course, they saw us coming out, and are waiting to riddle us as we pass through. They'll have to wait a while for that I reckon. We'll stay right here and let them begin the fight; but mind, boys, only two of us must shoot at once. When the reds show up good and plain you young fighters can fire first, and I'll hold on while you reload. We must never have all our rifles empty at one time; for if those devils close on us before we drop three or four of them the game will be up. Shoot steady, same as you do at a Virginia turkey match, and we'll come out all right.'

"After we had stood for about an hour in this way watching and being watched, the Indians, thirteen in all, came out of the brush in a straggling line and, wildly yelling, rushed toward us until within thirty yards, when they slackened speed, drew their bows and delivered a shower of arrows which did not much hurt our sheltering trees.

"Knock over that fellow with the feathers on his head and the warrior next him. Quick! before they draw again," cried Boone.

"Exposing ourselves as little as possible, Cornell and I fired together, and the two braves went down. But quick as we were, one of a second flight of arrows went through the top of my cap. If it had struck three inches lower you youngsters would never have had an Uncle Tim."

"Well, when the chief and his mate fell, the other Indians stopped for a few moments, to see if they were dead. This gave us time to reload, for the powder we were using was so fine and so sharp grained that enough of the main charge always filtered through the touchholes of the rifle barrels to prime the lock pans; so that, when Boone saw us ramming down the bullets he knew we were ready. Then he and Charley fired, dropping two more warriors, and the nine that were left, after letting fly a third harshest volley of arrows, huddled together like a pack of cowed wolves, seemingly too scared to advance another foot."

"While they hesitated, Boone did what looked like a strangely foolhardy thing, but was really the result of deliberate thought. Knowing that he was regarded with a sort of superstitious terror by all the Indians of that region, and was sup-



Knock Out that Fellow with the Feathers in His Hat.

traces of their visit and had not stripped the shanty, nor hidden inside it to await our coming to the slaughter, I—but, alas! not poor Charley, learned some weeks afterwards.

"The red rascals supposed, it seems, that by waiting and watching a while they would discover this precious store, and that we would meantime think some wandering trapper had stolen the furs, which they, the real thieves, did not leave behind for the present, simply because they feared that we might possibly guess that enemies were about and destroy them rather than let them fall into their hands, even though we ourselves were certain of being massacred.

"On coming into the cabin again I said, 'Well, Charley, the Indians have found us at last. We must bring the horses from the old beaver meadow, take up our traps and move to another ground at once, or worse may happen. We can't go to Virginia now, for we've got nothing to sell.'

"'Too bad, too bad,' grumbled my partner; 'all our hard work wasted; but isn't it curious that the Indians happened to find us just as we'd gathered such a nice lot of furs to be stolen?'

"'Happened to find you!' echoed a voice outside the open door; 'why, boys, some of the reds have most likely seen you a dozen times a day ever since you began to trap; but, as you've done so well, they'll let you go on working for them till it suits their convenience to wipe you out and take everything you've got.'

"Somewhat startled by the unexpected, though quiet voice, we turned around, and saw standing in front of the cabin a rather tall, strongly built, pleasant-looking man, seemingly about forty years of age. He was leaning carelessly on a long rifle, and wore a loose deerskin hunting frock, with a fringed cape, leggings, ornamented in the same way, a gray fur cap and a pair of buckskin moccasins. Tucked in his belt on the right side was a small ax—not a common tomahawk—and on the left side an ordinary skinning knife, while under his left arm hung a powder horn, bullet pouch and flintbag.

"Plainly the stranger was a veteran hunter, and so soon as I had recovered from my surprise at his unseen and unheard approach, I said, holding out my hand and mentioning our own names, 'We are glad indeed, sir, to see a white man free more. May I ask your name and how you managed to come upon us so quietly?'

"Softly chuckling, as if much amused, our visitor replied: 'That was no trick at all, my young friend; a half-blind man could follow your trail from the trapping grounds, as I did. Besides, I saw your horses feeding in the deserted beaver meadow. As for my name, it's Daniel Boone, at your service.'

"Good gracious!" Daniel Boone! There we were, face to face with the great Indian fighter, hunter and explorer of whose wonderful doings we had heard so much, but whom we had thought to be hundreds of miles away. We almost shook the man's hands off, while he, good humoredly laughing at our delight, said: 'You poor innocents, it's a miracle that you ever got here alive. The Shawnees and the Delawares have been for months on the warpath against the whites, and how you chanced to escape capture or death on the way is really astonishing.'

"We've seen no Indians of any kind yet,



DANIEL BOONE.

should come, in order to sell them and spend the winter with friends, when trouble at last overtook us.

"Our hut stood at one edge of the ravine, its rear end being about twelve feet from the bank, and after the heavy split-log roof was laid out the joints covered with lighter slabs, a big sapling had fallen across it, thus forming a sort of bridge between roof and bank. Of course, instead of building in such a spot, we should have chosen an open site, where there was not a bush, rock or tree within at least 100 yards; but we were ignorant boys, without even sense enough to recognize Indian "signs," which, to more experienced eyes, might have been seen all over the country, though, as was afterwards proved, the savages had their own reasons for not showing themselves and for letting us, our traps and horses alone meantime.

"Not a scrap of iron had been used in constructing the cabin, but its heavy, wooden-hinged door was, when we were out, always secured by a big padlock, run

night, while I keep house. If we have to stand a siege the reds won't burn the shanty while the horses are in it, for there's nothing they covet so much."

"Why on earth didn't they gobble them and us up at once, then?" asked Charley.

"Because," explained Boone, "they could get you at any time, and wanted you to go on piling up furs till the last minute."

"For hours that day our honored guest sat telling us of his adventurous career, and patiently instructing us as to the intricacies of frontier life.

"Toward evening Cornell and I went out and got the horses, collected our traps and returned to the cabin in safety, though our proceedings had doubtless been observed by the watchful savages.

"We'll have rather close quarters tonight, Mr. Boone," I said, when, shortly afterwards, the two horses were brought in.

"Never mind that," he cheerfully answered. "I've made a few loopholes between the logs, and there'll be lots of ventilation. Now dig up your powder and lead, ready for a start, if you can do it in the dark. Then you boys may rest in peace; I'll take care that we're not surprised." And, throwing himself beside his rifle on the floor, the veteran, who seemed devoid of the instinct of fear, dropped asleep as calmly as if there was not an enemy within a thousand miles. But Charley and I could not follow so good an example.

"Yet, we did at last fall asleep, and so soundly, too, that we were aroused only at daybreak, and then by the crack of a rifle, fired within the hut. Jumping up in affright, we saw that the ends of the roof slabs had again been shoved to one side, so as to make a triangular opening large enough for the free passage of a man's body, and that Boone was coolly reloading his gun, while from the bank behind the cabin suddenly arose a series of frightful, furious yells, followed by a prolonged and, to us, bloodcurdling warwhoop.

"Well, youngsters," pleasantly remarked our wideawake friend, "you're not bad hands at sleeping. You snored so loudly, and seemed to be enjoying yourselves so much, that the redskins didn't like to disturb you by hammering at the door; so they quietly made that hole in the roof, and a couple of them were going to drop through it and save you the trouble of ever waking, when I stopped the fun by putting a bullet into the shoulder of the one who was peeping down, to get your exact location. I didn't kill him out and out, because I wanted the other to think that one of you green boys had waked up all of a sudden and fired the shot. They'll find out soon enough that you've got help."

"Then, standing on one of our home-made stools, Boone replaced the shifted slabs, leaving us again in total darkness, save for the slight glimmer of light coming through the loopholes.

"Meantime the yelling outside had ceased; but from back a little way, among the hillside bushes, we could hear the murmur of voices, as if the Indians were consulting as to their next move. Boone, who spoke and understood the Delaware tongue perfectly, could even distinguish a word here and there, and, turning to us, he smilingly said: 'It's all right, boys. The reds know that the horses are here, and think they know that there's only two young

Continued on Fourth Page.


 YOUNG FOLKS  
CORRESPONDENCE

Leon R. Ellis, Coney, Ga.—Dear Junior: Our mamma is dead and I have one brother younger than myself. We live with our Cousin Annie. I have five little cousins, and we are a happy family. We have a little colt four months old; it can run as fast as its mother can trot. Its name is Fannie Clay. We have a pig that had the cholera; he was so poor we named him Hard Times; he knows his name and he is getting fat again.

Jessie O. Williams, Byhalia, Miss.—Dear Junior: I am such a little girl I am afraid to undertake one of those hard subjects like some handle with so much ease for fear some one might laugh. Oh, how I would like to tell the little cousins of my sweet doll babies, but some of the larger cousins who are sitting near would say "Here is another talking about pets." But I must say just a few words about Annie doll; she is the sweetest dollie in the world; she is a large wax doll with blue eyes and long yellow curls. A young man gave her to me five years ago. I have not broken her yet; now haven't I kept her nice? I am going to school and study history, fifth reader, geography and arithmetic. I have two little sisters and three brothers; I am the oldest girl. I will send some money for the little sick children just as soon as I get some. I would like to correspond with some of the little girls my age, which is ten.

Lella Sparks, St. Paul, S. C.—Dear Junior: I live in the country and like it so much better than the city, as I lived in the city for three years. They have better schools in the city than in the country. I help mamma do all the housework and since last fall I have made four quilts and have commenced my fifth one. We have had a long vacation. I am anxious for school to commence again. Best wishes for all.

Lela E. McCall, Bethlehem, Miss.—Dear Junior: Our home in the country is about eighteen miles from Holly Springs, the junction of the Kansas City and Queen and Crescent railroads, and five miles from Potts camp, on the Kansas City railroad, and half a mile from the little village of Bethlehem. The farmers raise cotton, corn, oats, sorghum, potatoes, peas and a great variety of vegetables. Papa has a large farm in cultivation. We have all kinds of nice fruit and berries, also nuts. Ours is a beautiful house with six large, airy rooms and hall. I am thirteen years old, and as I lost two years from my studies on account of my eyes, I am studying hard now. I enjoy the letters so much.

Vernona Spencer, Bogue Chitto, Miss.—Dear Junior: I think The Junior department is improving very much. I have three brothers and two sisters. My sisters are married. One has a sweet little baby; her name is Norma; she is very pretty. My oldest brother lives in Atlanta. I help mamma in the house. I go to Sunday school at the Methodist church. We have several classes. The Constitution has been a welcome visitor in our home for a great many years back. My father was a great admirer of Mr. Grady. He was a subscriber for the paper while he was editor. I inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Frank Clark, Hartsellville, S. C.—Dear Junior: I will be ten years old the 15th of this month. Our school will begin in September. I do not love to go to school, but mamma makes me go anyhow. I think it is so much nicer to stay at home and ride the horses about. My two little sisters are named Mary and Martha. Love for Aunt Susie and all the cousins.

"Lezah," Ga.—Dear Junior: "Our face is a shining mirror reflecting the inner soul," therefore we should endeavor always to let the glow transmitted to the world be bright and cheery. How little a kind word and smile now and then costs us and how valuable to the receiver—yet how often neglected. Only a handshake, yet how it cheered the drooping spirits. How this soul thrilled with new hopes and aspirations as he felt that warm hand-clasp. Only a smile and friendly word to the poor old downcast man sitting on his steps, yet "his spirits mount higher and higher," and he goes to his frugal supper humming a tune and thinking that his life is not wasted after all. Only a few harsh words spoken in haste, yet they sank deep into the mother's heart and left their bitter sting. They caused the father to frown, and the little brother and sister playing merrily on the floor to slip into the corner and sit quietly the rest of the evening. O, the golden opportunities we are letting pass by unheeded to throw a little sunshine into the lives of others. Love to The Junior and Aunt Susie.

Howard Payne, Craytonia, Ga.—Dear Junior: I take for my subject "Good Manners." I would not give much for the deportment of girls and boys which is put on like their best clothes, to be used when abroad and laid aside as soon as they enter the doors of their own home. Moreover, no one is deceived by this veneering or mistakes it for the genuine heart politeness of a real gentleman or lady.

Yes, politeness, like religion, is a matter of the heart, and there is none genuine which does not spring from a true love for others, and a desire to make them happy. I have seen people bow and smile and ask affectionately after their friends' welfare when I felt that deep down there were coldness and indifference, with no real care or concern for others. They merely observed these usages of good society that they might be considered cultured ladies and gentlemen. We hear some people scoff at polite manners and say it means nothing.

is merely affectation, and pride themselves on being blunt, and boorish, and defying the laws which govern good society. But, boys and girls, this is not true, and we should practice good manners at all times and all places.

Clyde Stewart, Perdido Station, Ala.—Dear Junior: I am a little girl eleven years old and am now spending the summer with my grandpapa at Bay Minette. He takes The Constitution and I enjoy reading the young folks' page very much. I am taking music lessons from my aunt. I have two brothers and two sisters. My papa is a merchant. I want to join the Grady club and send 10 cents.

Minnie Huddleston, Box 49, Oak Hill, W. Va.—Dear Junior: I suppose some of the cousins remember seeing my name on this page some four or five years ago, and I now hope they will welcome me back again. I haven't been going to school this summer. My school closed April 10th, and we had a very pleasant time. Our entertainment was at night and after the exercises closed our teacher gave us some beautiful cards and also treated us to candy, and this was, of course, enjoyed by the little folks. Our decorations were very pretty. Our mottoes were made of pasteboard, covered with white cotton, and entwined with green vines, while the stage was decorated with wild flowers, flags and red, white and blue cloth. We were all sorry when our school closed, but we hope we will all be together when school convenes again in October. I enjoy the older cousins' letters so much and especially the argument on superiority. Come again, Lawrence! We girls will welcome you. How many of the cousins like to go to picnics? I was at a picnic on July 3d, and had a gay time. We had plenty of refreshments, bicycle and foot races, ball games and last, but not least, a stage, where a great many of the young people spent the afternoon dancing. But as I do not dance, I did not join the gay dancers. I agree with the cousins on "country life." My father is a farmer and I would not exchange my home for any city home. We do have to work right hard sometimes, but when we do have a leisure hour we can enjoy it all the more. What is more pleasant than to get a book and lie in some shady nook and read for an hour or more, or to get one of your father's horses (or perhaps your own) and ride a mile or two for the mail? Now don't you all think country life is pleasant? I dearly love to ride horseback. Papa has three horses and I very often enjoy a ride of a mile or more. I think all of the cousins that join the Grady hospital club ought to have a badge, don't you think so, Aunt Susie?

I would be very much pleased if some of the cousins would send me some pretty Christmas recitations. I have some recitations I will send in exchange, or will return the favor in any way I can.

Sallie V. Johnson, Tyler, Tex.—Dear Junior: I live on a farm just two miles from Tyler. I have decided to take for my subject "Kindness." Kindness is the music of good will to men and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes. Kindness is one of the purest traits that finds a place in the human heart. It gives us friends wherever we may chance to wander. I have some love songs I would like to exchange for silk and velvet scraps. I would like to correspond with some of the cousins.

Annie Lee Keenan, Lewis, S. C.—Dear Junior: As we are all at liberty to choose our own subjects I think "School Days" a very appropriate one. The happiest moments of our lives are our school days. We cannot realize it now, but in after years we think of our past school days and will deeply regret that we cannot spend them over again, and if we only could, how many great changes would make. While at school we should not waste our time, for each moment is precious. We should try to employ each moment to the best advantage. School days do not last forever, and after they are over we will look back on our past days with pride or regret, as we have used or wasted our time. Some go to school because it is the "fad," these sit around and amuse themselves in plotting fun and mischief. Others go and study hard because it means a living to them and still others go simply for the sake of knowledge. Which do you suppose will be the most successful student? I am going to school now and am trying each moment to improve.

Loyd R. Byrne, Luna Landing, Ark.—Dear Junior: I wish to join the Grady Hospital Club. Please find inclosed 10 cents for membership. I subscribed for The Midget about a month ago and have not received a single copy.

(Note—Did you send your subscription addressed to The Midget, Warm Springs, Ga? That is the only address. Write to them.)

Hattie and Maud Woolley, Bismarck, Ala.—Dear Junior: The Constitution has long been a welcome visitor in our homes. We delight in reading it and especially the children's page.

I (Hattie) am nearly two years older than my little niece (Maud). I live about fifteen miles from here; am on a visit up here. We have a jolly, good time together. I like to chat this way. How I wish some of you were here about our age. We haven't taken any subject, as this is our first attempt. We would be pleased to correspond with our friends, if any of the cousins will write to us all letters will be answered.

John Adair, McMillan, I. T.—Dear Junior: I live here in the land of the Indians. Some of you say you wouldn't live here, but let me explain: This is called the Indian country because it is theirs, but there are several times more whites than Indians. They have permitted us to come here and we live among them. The red man is our friend and, of course, we are his. We attend the same schools and churches. They are becoming enlightened and many of them are ripe scholars, lawyers and doctors. There are many things here that would amuse my eastern cousins, for we live in very sorry houses. When you first land here you would think

you could hardly stay. Many of us, especially the poor, live in log houses with dirt floors and even in "dug outs." Do you know what a dug out is? Well, I'll tell you. It is a house cut out in the ground, with no floor, no ceiling, no window and covered with logs and dirt. Not a wall is used in its erection, only the door. Sometimes we have good schools in the country for a short term. I live in a little town where we have a ten-month school during the year. Georgia furnished us a teacher this year in the person of Professor J. A. Davis, of near Rome. If I could see you I could tell many things interesting and will describe the country more fully to all who send stamps.

Minnie Hawkins, Pepper, W. Va.—Dear Junior: I am ten years old. I like to read the letters very much. I go to school in the winter. I help mamma to wash and dry the dishes and sweep the floor. I live in the country. I like it very much. We raise wheat, oats, corn, sheep and cattle. We are done harvesting. We have lots of fruit. Love to Aunt Susie and the cousins. Find enclosed 5 cents for Grady hospital.

James W. Chesnutt, Hope Hull, Ala.—Dear Junior: Papa has been a subscriber to The Constitution for several years and I like it very much.

We have a nice school here every year with about twenty or thirty pupils. We small boys play ball here in the summer. We have a nine of small boys and we play ball against other small nines and beat them sometimes. I like the sport very much.

Guy W. Toland, Riverdale, Ga.—Dear Junior: I am going to school at the little town of Riverdale. We have fine teachers. I want to join the Grady Hospital Club and inclose 10 cents for that purpose.

Katie Boswell, Mansfield, Tex.—Dear Junior: I live in the country three miles from Mansfield. I enjoy country life very much. Aunt Susie, you can't imagine how I like to read your letters. Please write every week. Cousins, I don't think it is right to read novels. I have one sister and three brothers; all of them older than myself. We all belong to the church and go to Sunday school. I hope that all of our cousins are Christians; if not, will be soon. Aunt Susie, every time I read your letters it makes me love you more and more. It is so kind and noble in you to try to train us up in this good work. I will subscribe for The Midget soon. Long live Aunt Susie in her good work, is the prayer of a little cousin of The Constitution Junior.

Alex B. Childs, Church Point, La.—Dear Junior: I have just returned from a hunting trip which continued nearly a week. There were four of us in the party. We went about thirty-five miles from here down in a deep swamp on the banks of the Courtland river. We went in a covered wagon and carried along a lot of ammunition, guns, fishing tackle, etc. We had an exciting time hunting for coons. Marlon McManus and I borrowed a headlight from a fisherman living near where we camped and after dark started down the river to hunt coons. We came upon an alligator before we had gone very far. I paddled the boat noiselessly up near him when my companion fired square at his head, which was very little exposed above the surface of the water. We don't know whether we killed him or not, but it is very probable that we did, for we were but a few feet from him and the gun was loaded with twelve buckshot. I inclose 5 cents for the Grady hospital.

Willie Stout, Floresville, Tex.—Dear Junior: I have been reading your valuable paper, but have not seen a letter from this part of the country. We live on a farm in Wilson county, about forty-five miles from San Antonio. I have selected "Little" as a subject to write upon. The great terrestrial machinery of the universe is composed of little things. From the top of the lofty, snow-capped mountain to the bottom of the deepest valley, or from the highest cloud to the bottom of the sea we find nothing that cannot be continually divided. This proves that everything is composed of little things. The bee, the most useful and greatest architect of the insect kingdom, though a very small animal, teaches that industry is the road to success. Second after second passes until thousands of years have passed down the dim valley of time. Great deeds have been accomplished by the greatest men of the earth, which, I suppose, will cause their names to be sounded by the voice of fame down the long ages of the world. When we look forward it seems that life is long and slowly passing, but when we contemplate the many events of life it seems that it has rapidly passed away on the invisible wings of time.

Civilization has increased a little each year since the translation of the Bible by King James. Its influence has enlightened the world. Little words of anger sometimes break the brightest links of life, while a few words of comfort and consolation will cheer and brighten its darkest days. A little thing dropped in the deep well of the heart will sometimes cast a shadow or cloud of gloom over the rest of a happy life. My life is now in its early morning and it will be over five years before the first score of my life is reached, but there are many temptations before the growing youth. Little by little intemperance carries men down the awful road to ruin and makes many a home desolate. Little by little human life passes away until at last a person is overtaken by old age and then they recall with joy or sadness the light that fell on distant years. Little by little good deeds are done through the Christian's life, until at last his soul departs for its heavenly home. Papa takes The Constitution and I hope he has guessed the missing word.

Things He Learned in the Army.

"I don't think men generally take very kindly to needle and thread," said an old veteran, "but there must be in this country a good many thousand men who are pretty handy sewers, nevertheless, thanks to their army training. I know that I have never forgotten how to sew. Even now, thirty years and more after the war, if I've got any little sewing to be done and it isn't too complicated likely as not I do it myself, without bothering anybody else about it at all."

## CENTURY.

### EARLY TIMES IN KENTUCKY.

Continued from First Page.

posed to be then at the fort, he snatched my loaded rifle, stepped boldly out to the open ground, and leveled the piece at the hostile group. This was enough. Instantly recognizing their renowned energy, the savages, with terrified shouts of "Long-knife Boone! Long-knife Boone!" broke away and fled, panic-stricken, toward their waiting canoes on the river, leaving their dead where they fell, and Boone, not fearing a bloodthirsty nature, let them go without a shot. They might, however, have much more safely taken to the woods again, for our firing had been heard at the fort, and a squad of men, running out, caught sight of them and shot down three before they could paddle across the stream, so that only six of the original thirteen escaped.

"Twenty minutes afterwards we were in the fort, which consisted of a number of heavy log buildings and a strong palisade. The place was crowded with men, women and children who had taken refuge there in time to escape the widespread massacre lately perpetrated by the Indians, and Boone, who had been out on a distant scout for ten days, was received as one risen from the dead."

### THE DISTRESS OF THE DUKE.

#### His Grace, Maurice Fitz-Gerald, Duke of Leinster, Stubbs His Toe.

The youngest peer in Queen Victoria's realm has been experiencing a positive chapter of accidents during the past few months. The little duke of Leinster, the juvenile peer in question, was born in 1877, so that he has barely attained his tenth year. Yet in spite of his youth he can lawfully lay claim to the following imposing string of names and titles: "His Grace Maurice Fitz-Gerald, duke of Leinster, marquis of Kildare, earl of Kildare and baron of Offaly in the peerage of Ireland, viscount Leinster in the peerage of England, chief of the Geraldine clan, premier duke and earl of Ireland." When he grows up he will become, as of right, knight of St. Patrick and lord lieutenant of the county Kildare.

Just at present that "most mighty and puissant prince, his grace of Leinster," (such is his formal designation), cares far more for cricket and ponies than he does for patriotism or the peerage. His next heir is a brother, a year younger than himself. Already the two have had some stirring adventures. A year ago they were saved with difficulty from a fire in the country house where they were staying.

In the excitement the boys were temporarily forgotten. Suddenly one of the footmen noticed that they were not among the guests gathered shivering on the lawn before the burning mansion. He communicated his fears to the lady of the house, who instantly sent a rescue party to the little duke's aid. The chief of the Geraldines was found in his nightgown at the head of the main staircase, gallantly endeavoring to carry his toddling younger brother out of danger. Strong arms caught up both boys and lifted them downstairs, although the duke is reported to have kicked his preserver and angrily demanded to be let save himself. Quite recently, while at his Irish country home, Carton, in the county Kildare, the duke was severely thrown from his pony while attempting to leap a ha-ha, or sunken fence. His arm was fractured by the fall, and he remained an invalid for a considerable time. Hardly had he recovered from this untoward event than he was knocked senseless by a blow of a cricket ball. The ball was struck by his cousin, Lord Helmsley, and the unlucky cricket match occurred at the country seat of Lord Ferversham, grandfather of both boys. On the whole, her majesty's youngest peer would seem to have been experiencing a pretty rough time of it, so that when he goes to Eton, as he will in a year or two, he will be quite prepared to face the life of an English public school "fag," clean out his "master's" study, and submit to "swishings" without undue fears and trembling.

In Ireland there is always hope where a Fitz-Gerald is concerned, and great things are looked for from the great-grand-nephew of the patriot Lord Edward, the hero and martyr of the '98 rebellion.

#### Honesty the Best Policy.

From The Glasgow Herald.

Not long ago an honest merchant was negotiating with an insurance company with regard to effecting an insurance on a vessel overdue.

Before the policy was delivered the merchant heard of the vessel's loss, and wrote at once to the insurance company, thus:

"Sir: If you have not yet made out the policy you need not, for I have heard of the ship."

"Oh!" said the messenger, who discovered that the policy had not been signed, but immediately proceeded to have it executed and sent off, "the fellow wants to do us out of the premium."

So he wrote to the merchant:

"You are too late by half an hour. Your policy has been posted to you."

When the claim was made the company had to pay, as to have refused would have brought out the real facts.

#### The Duke Was a Stickler.

The duke of Wellington was a great stickler for punctilio in what seemed to him the proper places. When the regiment of his son, Lord Douro, was quartered at Dover and the duke was staying at Walmer castle, and the officers rode over and left their cards as a matter of form. Soon after came an invitation from the duke of Wellington inviting all of the officers to dine, but ignoring his son. When Lord Douro asked for an explanation the duke gave it thus, with great good humor: "I make no distinctions in the service. Those gentlemen paid me the compliment of a visit, and I invited them to dinner. You were not among them, so I omitted you in the invitation."

## REMARKAB

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THE WHOLE LIST

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## THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

### Something To Do for Mother.

As a resting place for a large potted plant or a jardiniere a substantial bench is shown in the illustration.

It is not a difficult matter to construct a bench of this sort, and most any smart boy can make it from a few pieces of board and with the aid of a compass saw, a plane, a bit and brace and some nails and screws. It should be twelve inches square and the top should measure fourteen inches square.

From twenty to twenty-four inches will be about the right height, and if it is constructed of boards seven-eighths of an inch in thickness it will result in a strong affair.

Three-quarter-inch boards can be employed or even lighter ones, but should the bench be used as a seat, the weight of a person sitting on it might crack or break it.

If it is to be painted it can be of pine or whitewood, but if natural wood is preferred, the bench can be made of oak, cherry, ash, sycamore or mahogany and slightly stained, after which it may be treated to several coats of varnish.

Stains and varnish can be purchased at



A JARDINIÈRE BENCH.

most any paint or hardware store, so that with a little time and money some useful benches can be had that will be attractive resting pedestals for pots and jardinières.

Several benches of this style are always useful about the house, either for plants or as seats, and for the piazza they are quite as attractive painted some pleasing color as if finished in natural wood.

Longer benches of the same pattern can be made to accommodate several jardinières, but as they are elongated the tops must be braced to insure strength and where the two pieces forming the legs are brought together, the joint should be made very secure with glue and screws.

Harry Adams.

### RELICS AND DISCOVERIES.

Antwerp is going to have a great celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of Sir Anthony Van Dyck's birth, March 22, 1899.

A chain bridge over the Merimac river, at Amesbury, Mass., is said to be the oldest suspension bridge in the United States. It was built in 1792.

Large numbers of flint rock guns, six feet long, are made in Birmingham at six shillings each, and many of these weapons find a ready market in darkest Africa.

Of the 119,000,000 of copper cents which were sent out from the mints only the 900,000 have ever been accounted for, and only now and then is a stray one of the remaining 119,000,000 seen in circulation.

The figurehead of Admiral Farragut's old flagship, the Hartford, "saturated with glorious history," has been presented to the city of Hartford, Conn., by Chief Constructor Phillip Hichborn, United States army.

The first book in Delaware was a very small one, "The Child's Spelling Book," printed in Wilmington by James Adams, in 1761. A more ambitious work, "The Laws of New Castle Kent and Sussex," was issued by the same printer in 1763.

The lease of the Astor house expires within two years, and there will be no renewal. The owners have decided to tear down the building, which is today the oldest hotel in New York. It was erected in 1834 and has been the scene of many historical incidents.

One of the most interesting of the old books lately unearthed is a little volume about six inches square entitled the "Royal Standard Dictionary," published in Boston in 1777 by William Perry, who announced that he exhibited the pronunciation of words according to the polite pronunciation of England.

Another fragment of the famous Parian chronicle, part of which is in the Ashmolean museum, at Oxford, has been found on the island of Palos. It is very important, as it contains the chronology of the year from 336 to 26 before Christ, the period of Alexander of Macedon, and of the Diadochi, the generals who divided his empire among themselves.

## .. A SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE ..

### The Novel Way a Boy Took To Get an Education. A View of a Reform School Not Contemplated.

"What is the use, Malcolm?"

Mrs. Gardiner let the letter fall in her lap and regarded her husband with a look of utter despondency, far more eloquent than tears would have been.

"I'm beginning to think it isn't any use," replied Mr. Gardiner, with deliberate sternness.

There was a threatening note in his honest, impatient tones. He was a middle-sized, thickset man, with brown eyes and short, bristling hair. His kindly face was rugged and strong. At present it was ominously overcast.

"First, here in Perryville," sighed Mrs. Gardiner, "always at the foot of his class, and no interest in his studies. Then the boarding school, that he might not have the distractions of the town. He runs away from there! Next the military academy, where he would have a severer discipline. Now the principal writes that it is impossible to promote him, and that if he shows no more application the coming year he can hardly look for any better results. He says that he never saw so little possibilities of study in a boy; that nothing but constant punishment makes him learn a lesson. To think, Malcolm, that a New England school teacher should be the mother of a professional dunce!"

Malcolm Gardiner did not smile at this tragic appreciation of his wife. This fourteen-year-old boy of theirs was a thorn in their side. Mr. Gardiner had received a good public school education in New England, but had been obliged to interrupt his studies before graduation at the high school to go into business. He had improved himself, however, by his own efforts and was now a well-informed, thoroughly sensible man of affairs. He had been advanced from one post to the other in his employer's machine works until he had reached that of general manager. It was the ambition of himself and wife to give their only child a thorough education, to make a college man of him. Richard was not stupid. His conversation showed that. He was only ignorant. For a boy of his years he was painfully so. His handwriting was large and pitifully uniformed. In his latest letter he had confided to his mother his views of this last school. It was the old story, and, alas! the old saying. "We go to shows. Their a lowly fare with the blist hogg I ever see, he so fat he can't breath. But they quise a feller mean if he slip up anything. I just wunt stan enny more foling. Wurk you take me a way."

This is to a mother who was particular as to her subjective mood in writing, who always wrote "sha'n't;" who, even as a girl, never used a "don't" for a "doesn't," and whose punctuation was flawless. It was almost as much of a calamity as if Richard were a-a thief.

"I would certainly rather have him red-headed and cross-eyed than such a hopeless ignoramus," she exclaimed, desperately to her husband. "If it were wicked pride in me to feel that I am a thoroughly well-educated woman, who has taken honors at Vassar, I might possibly feel as if this were punishment to chasten me. But surely no woman can behold her only child becoming daily a more degraded mass of ignorance, and not writhe under the hideous spectacle."

"Mattice, you are right," said her husband seriously. "I don't blame you. You had every advantage and improved them all. I had only a few, but I'm not ashamed of what I've done with those. Yet here's the fact. Richard is a dunce. He doesn't know as much as a bright schoolboy of ten. We wanted it otherwise, and have given him every opportunity. But you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and we'll never make a scholar out of that boy. I'm tired of it. He'll find that out when he gets back. I promise you. You are as convinced or this now as I am."

Mrs. Gardiner nodded her head in assent and rose to put on her things and go out. Her mind was full of bitterness as she reflected on the hopeless way her son abused his fine advantages. She had promised him a gold watch if he received a good report from his teacher, not a brilliant one, but simply to the effect that he had applied himself; had tried to learn to spell words of two syllables with the conventional arrangement of their letters. This was the result!

She stopped at a flower stand on the corner of Main street and Hinckley avenue. After taking out her purse (she was one of the strong women who can subdue a dressmaker into putting a pocket in their gowns) to pay for a bunch of flowers, another cluster caught her eye, and she laid the flowers and purse down for a moment, while she took up some sweet peas and swelled them.

"Ma'am, look out! That boy has stolen your purse," said the flower man suddenly, a moment later.

She turned and put her hand forth instinctively; but the boy had grabbed the purse and was running down the street. He was not running fast, and held the purse conspicuously in his hand.

"Well, the impudence of that!" broke forth Mrs. Gardiner. "Perhaps he thinks I won't run after him, but I shall."

She did, until she met a policeman. The boy was trotting pleasantly along. She told the officer what he had done, and that worthy man started in pursuit of the culprit.

"Here, you little thief! Stop!" he hallooed.

Somewhat to the policeman's surprise the boy, a bright-faced, innocent-looking fellow came at once to a halt, and waited without any air of perturbation. He still had the purse in his hand. As the officer came up some after-thought made him put

it in his pocket. He looked up at the policeman with odd expectancy:

"What are you doing with that purse?" said the officer. "Take it out. I saw it."

The boy took it out promptly and handed it over to the officer with no reluctance or regret.

"Where did you get this?" demanded the policeman sternly, although in view of the wonderful docility of the culprit his tone and bearing were somewhat absurd. It would have seemed more congruous had he remarked cajolingly: "Why, my good boy, what a pretty pocketbook you have. Where did you get it?"

"It's the lady's. I pinched it," said the urchin with a certain eagerness of manner.

Mrs. Gardiner had by this time arrived on the scene. She stood regarding the bright-eyed boy curiously. He was ragged and not tremendously clean, but he had a live, alert air which appealed to her. Moreover he was thin and looked uncared for.

"Is this your purse, ma'am?" asked the officer, holding it up.

"Yes," said the lady, taking it and dropping it into her pocket. "Don't tell me that you didn't take it," she said to the boy, to forestall any falsehood on the subject. He was regarding her almost as one might a benefactress. "The flower man saw you snatch it."

The boy's eyes brightened.

"I told the cop I pinched it," he said. "The flower man see me do it. She says so," he affirmed to the policeman.

"Why didn't you run faster if you were trying to steal it?" Mrs. Gardiner asked, viewing this callow thief with wonder. His main desire seemed to be to establish his larceny beyond dispute, with no heed to his spoils.

"I only wanted to run just enough to steal it," he said artlessly.

"But you'll have to go to jail for this," said the policeman, taking a hand in the education of the boy.

"O, no; not to jail. I'll have to be sent to the reform school, won't I?" The boy showed animation enough now.

"Jail or reform school," retorted Mrs. Gardiner, her wonder growing, "you'll be shut up. What is the difference?"

"I want to go to the reform school," said the boy, with the air of one contending for a previous right. "That is what I stole it for."

"Do you mean that you didn't want the purse? That you want to be sent to the reform school?" cried the lady.

"Yes," replied the boy. "Ain't that enough to send me to the reform school?" he asked anxiously of the policeman.

"I guess it is, if the lady pushes you," answered the policeman.

"Officer, I don't think you need arrest him," said Mrs. Gardiner, thoughtfully. "He doesn't look like a thief, and he certainly is new at the business, if he is one. I shall not make a charge."

"Suppose you walk along with me a little way," she said to the boy, with a kindlier air. "But first, what is your name, and where do you live?"

"My name's William Townley, and I live at 42 Baxter street," the boy replied without any hesitation. "Which of you has to send one to the reform school," he asked, as the officer turned and was about to go. For some occult reason, he evidently wished to cleave to the one who would provide him with this oddly coveted refuge.

"I can do that if I think you ought to be sent there," replied the lady. "Now that I have your name and address, I can get you when I want you. You won't run away, will you?"

"Why, of course not," replied William with an air of wonder. "I want to be sent to the reform school."

"Good morning, officer. I am sorry to have troubled you. I am sure there is some mistake here, and I am going to find out the reason of all this."

She was afraid the officer might perhaps have to arrest the boy; if he was evidently convicted of theft and William Townley was apparently only too willing to help on such a result. Mrs. Gardiner could not refrain from a slight smile as she saw him look wistfully after the officer as if he felt that perhaps he was losing his best ally.

"Did you ever take anything that didn't belong to you before, Willie?" she asked, moving slowly up the street, the barefooted boy at her side.

"No'm. I only thought of it lately."

"Thought of what, my boy?"

"That if I stole something they would send me to the reform school."

"But what do you want to be shut up for?" she persisted.

"So I can learn things," he said, promptly.

The horrid idea entered Mrs. Gardiner's mind that perhaps he wanted to qualify himself for a criminal life by getting entered in so promising a seminary. What a travesty on the wish to improve one's self; to get an education! But as she saw his frank face and keen, quick glance, she was ashamed of herself for the thought.

However, she asked as a means of getting more quickly at the point of view of this strange child: "What things do you want to learn?"

"The things they learn at school. I can read and write," he added, half proudly, half shamefacedly.

Mrs. Gardiner actually stopped, she was so taken aback at realizing what he understood by a reform school. He wanted to be committed to one purely through a healthy, laudable desire to get his brain stored with useful knowledge. O Richard Gardiner!

"But, my dear boy," she said softly, "you can learn all that the reform school could teach you in the way of useful knowledge at other schools, the kind that good children attend, children who are not

stained with the faults that the reform school is mainly intended to correct."

"Ah, yes. But my mother can't afford to let me go to school. And I read in a paper that in a reform school, in Boston, they teach 'em and feed 'em and give 'em clothes, if they steal or do something to get in."

William Townley spoke with an earnestness that showed he had thieves as a most reasonable means to an end. It seemed incredible; it was ridiculous, but it was far more pathetic.

"Even so," she said, probing the boy's heart a little more; "didn't you know it was wrong to steal? Did you ever steal before?"

"No. 'Nd I only stole enough to get put in. I didn't mean to keep your memory so you couldn't get it. Didn't you see it in my hand? If I'd wanted the pocketbook I'd have run faster, and I'll bet that 'cop' wouldn't have nabbed me, if I'd tried to get away," he added with a proud shake of his head.

Mrs. Gardiner felt that neither human nor divine justice could be very severe on such an innocent endeavor to "steal" as this. It was only a dreadful hypocrisy of crime and she heaved a sigh as she thought of Richard Gardiner's attitude toward learning and his repugnance to use opportunities for which this poor boy was willing to undergo restraint and disregard. It softened her heart doubly toward William Townley.

She accompanied the boy home. His mother was a poor, ignorant working woman who had hard shift to get along and could not really afford to clothe and feed her son, as she would have to do if he attended school, and receive no aid from him. She was angry with him when she found out that he had tried to steal a lady's purse.

"The little that he has picked up ain't done him no good, when it puts such notions in his head. He didn't learn to steal or lie from me, ma'am."

Mrs. Gardiner managed to bring her to a more liberal view of her son's aspirations for an education. She also convinced her that the boy had really not intended to steal, in the full sense of the term. It was only a make-believe theft, one in name only. Then she took her leave, promising to call again soon.

"Mattice," said her husband to her when he came home that evening, "I have made up my mind about Richard. He has been coaxed, argued with and bribed to study, and to educate himself. It is useless. Not that I mean to imply that he must grow up a fool. He may make a success at something, and once he gets to putting ideas together, he will begin to see the need of learning things himself. I shall put him in the machine shop, start him at the bottom, and make him learn the business. I think he has some mechanical ability. This is not what we wanted. But if we can't make a scholar of him, a cultivated gentleman, we must turn him out a respectable member of society, a man with ordinary common sense. I will stand no more of this trifling. We have coddled the boy, trying to make him decently studious, and he is worse than ever. He is graduating from many schools in too short a time. I shall try the school of the machine shop. If that fails, if he persists in being incorrigibly perverse, there is the reform school! To think," said Mr. Gardiner, his square jaw acquiring an added doggedness, "that it should be possible for me even to think of such a possibility for my son!"

"What would you think," Mrs. Gardiner exclaimed, with feeling,







patterns

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We will show Advance  
Styles of  
Fall Tailor Suitings  
Bought on Import Order,  
and landed under the Wil-  
son Tariff.Startling Blanket  
OpportunityWE put on sale tomorrow Twelve  
Hundred pairs of Assorted Cali-  
fornian Blankets, bought under  
such conditions as will enable us to sell them at LESS THAN  
LAST YEAR'S PRICES, in the face of an ADVANCE OF  
FORTY PER CENT IN THE PRICE OF RAW WOOL!  
The Greatest Blanket Occasion in Atlanta's History!Both Immense Windows Filled With Blankets!  
One-Third of Store Space Devoted to Blankets!  
This Will Be the Week for You to Buy Blankets!

THIS AGGREGATION OF BLANKETS is the result of an order given, months ago, by contract to a Blanket man in need of cash. As the outcome of our speculation we can show you . . . . .

TWELVE HUNDRED PAIRS OF FRESH BLANKETS

Clean and Pure, just off the Looms, with all the bloom of Newness on every pair. These are to go on sale tomorrow at Forty Per Cent less than you can buy them of anybody, and when they are gone we cannot duplicate them. To appreciate the Genuineness of these Blanket Bargains you must See them and Feel them. Cold type cannot convey to you the impression of their

THICKNESS, SOFTNESS, LIGHTNESS, WARMTH!

A GREAT SPECIAL! Eight Cases! Just Four  
Hundred Pairs at One Price

Two Dollars and Ninety-Eight Cents a Pair

THIS PHENOMENAL VALUE is the result of Study, Care, Nerve, Fore-thought. We feel confident that we can show you a Blanket which is Richly Worth Four Dollars. To show our faith, we have dressed our Hunter Street window with this Special Blanket, and offer it to the . . . . .

HOUSEKEEPER, HOTEL MAN, BOARDING HOUSE KEEPER! in quantities of any number of pairs you may wish. THERE IS NO LIMIT!

SEE OUR WINDOW OF TWO NINETY-EIGHT BLANKETS  
YOU'RE WISE, YOU'LL NOT PAY NEW TARIFF RATES, BUT WILL BUY NOW!

More Blankets

AT	AT	AT	AT
\$4.00	\$6.00	\$6.00	\$8.50
AT	AT	AT	AT
\$5.00	\$7.50	\$8.00	\$11.00

WE INCLUDE IN THIS SALE  
80 Pairs Extra Fine Scarlet Blankets  
Lamb's Wool, Gossamer weight, fast color, full size, pretty borders. \$6.00

Blankets Still

AT	AT	AT	AT
\$6.00	\$6.00	\$8.50	
AT	AT	AT	
\$5.00	\$7.50	\$8.00	

WE ALSO WILL SHOW YOU  
Chocolate Grey Blankets, Superior Quality  
Full size, fine California Wool, beautifully bordered, suitable for robes and gowns. \$6.00

SREWED HOUSEKEEPERS will not have to do a sum in Arithmetic to see at a glance that these are Bargains when they realize that the Raw Wool is Forty Per Cent Higher than Last Year! Yet we are selling the New Blankets at Less than Last Year's Prices!

Every Principle of Economy Appeals to You to Buy Now.

KEELY CO.'S NEW CARPET DEPARTMENT

Will show tomorrow Fresh Arrivals from the best Carpet Mills, in the Latest Fall Patterns, of Newest Ideas in Floor Coverings, at . . . . .

PRICES FIGURED ON THE OLD SCALE!

BEAR IN MIND, if you please, that this Stock of Floor Furnishings is really worth one-third more than the prices we've marked on them. But we were forehand in placing our orders, firm in our belief that they would advance in price, and had enough nerve to invest upon our judgment. As a sequence we can show every good thing in popular grade Carpets at old prices.

LOOK AT OUR SPECIAL CARPET SALES FOR THIS WEEK

SPECIAL VALUES	RARE CHANCES		
\$1.15 For Axminsters, in popular colorings, new designs, worth \$1.10	\$1.50 For new Body Brussels, beau- tiful effects, bordered, worth \$1.35		
\$1.12 For Moquettes, new designs and color blends, worth.....	75c For Tapestries, new shades, up-to- date designs, worth.....	90c	
\$1.10 For Velvets, 1897 fall patterns, new shade tones, worth	60c All-wool Ingrains, new color effects, worth.....	75c	

Great Special Sale  
Of Our Warranted  
School Shoes.  
THE STOCK  
IS NOW READY.

KEELY  
COMPANY

Big Opening Display  
Of Our Celebrated  
Keely Leaders.  
FIFTY CASES  
JUST OPENED.

"GET 'EM" AT EITHER STORE."  
JACOBS' PHARMACY.  
6 & 8 MARIETTA ST. AND 23 WHITEHALL COR. ALABAMA.

Toilet Articles.

Jacobs' Perfumed Almond Meal—

No lady who uses this once will ever be without it, large bot. 25c

Woodbury's Facial Cream..... 18c

Meade & Baker's Carbolic Mouth Wash..... 22c

Lavender Smelling Salts..... 18c

Gourard's Oriental Cream..... 99c

Viola Cream..... 33c

Campbell's Arsenic Wafers 38c-75c

Derma Royal..... 75c

Lloyd's Euxeses—Shaving Cream..... 38c

Fuller's Earth, cans..... 5c-10c

Shallenberger's Shampoo, powder..... 13c

Leather Goods

Ladies' Pocketbooks in Alligator, like cut; were \$1.25, reduced to

75c

Ladies' Pocketbooks in Seal, Morocco, Lizard, Monkey Skin, all reduced 50 per cent. See the line if you are looking for a good thing..... 50c

Ladies' Purse Books, Monkey Skin, with gilt mountings, very neat and durable; were \$1, reduced to 50c

Coin Purse, with sterling silver clasp, in various leathers, from

5c to 50c

Gents' Vest-pocket Cases, all new designs and all cheap..... 75c and \$1

Perfumery

Pinaud's Rose Extracts, beautiful styles, Violet, Heliotrope, White Rose 1 1/2 ounce

Two ounce..... 85c

Roger & Gallet's Violet Blanche, 1 ounce..... 75c

Roger & Gallet's Brilliantine..... 50c

Pinaud's Brilliantine..... 35c

Pinaud's Violet de Parme Extract, one ounce..... 75c

Two ounce..... 50c

Crown Crab Apple Extract, original bottles..... 60c

Pinaud's Extract Vegetal, all odors..... 68c

Pinaud's Violet de Parme Toilet Water..... 85c

Colgate's Violet Toilet Water..... 35c-75c

Jacobs' Violet Toilet Water..... 35c-75c

Stuart's Florida Water, 8 ounce..... 38c

Pinaud's Stick Cosmetic, brown, black and white..... 10c

Coudray's Stick Cosmetic, brown, black and white..... 10c

Colgate's Stick Cosmetic, brown, black and white..... 50c and 75c

Colgate's Stick Cosmetic..... 10c

Puff and Soap Boxes.

Celluloid Puff Box, like cut, in blue, pink or white, all pretty shades—

\$1.25

China Puff Boxes, decorated..... 75c

Metal Puff Boxes, decorated..... 25c to \$1.50

Round Celluloid Puff Boxes, all colors..... 50c

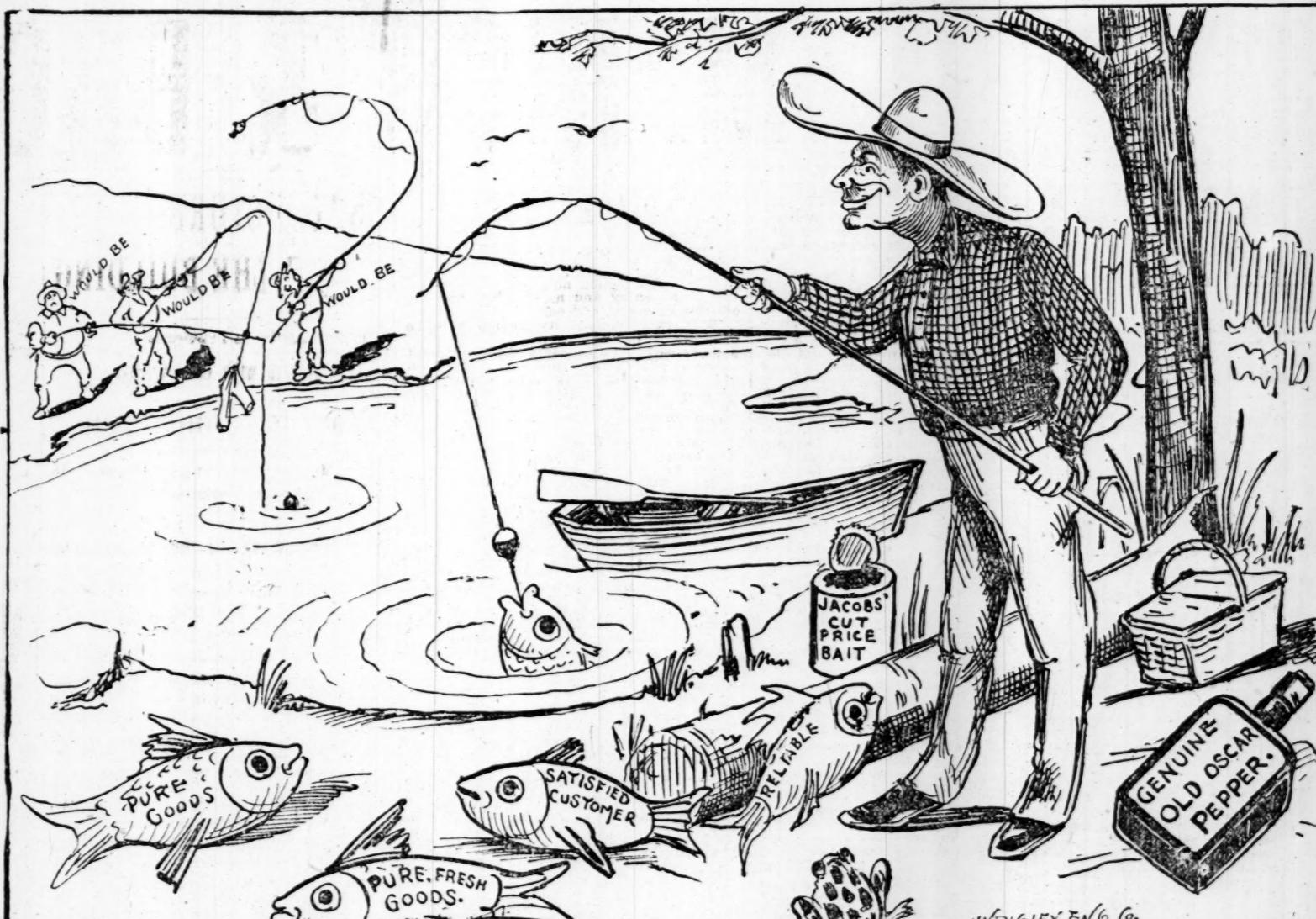
Celluloid Puff Boxes, in pink, blue or white..... 25c and 35c

Metal Puff Boxes, plain..... 25c and 35c

Celluloid Soap Boxes, like cut, in amber, pink, blue and white..... 50c

Celluloid Soap Boxes with clasp, in all shades..... 50c, 60c and 75c

Metal Soap Boxes, Telescope or Clasp, in various sizes..... 15c to \$1.00



PROPRIETARY MEDICINES.

Anti-Migraine..... 34c

Bailey's Aperient..... 38c

Taft's Asthma Liner..... 18c-\$1.25

Green's August Flower..... 8c-55c

Angustura Bitters..... 75c

Brady's Tonic..... 33c

Hembold's Buchu..... 75c

Warner's Asthma Cure..... 60c

Garfield Tea..... 20c-40c

Lactopteine..... 68c

Wheeler's Tissue Phosphate..... 75c

McMunn's Elixir Opium..... 35c

Hammond's Animal Extract..... 1.00

Malt Nutrine..... 22c

Malt Nutrine, per dozen..... 2.25

Valentine's Meat Juice..... 75c

Dalley's Pain Extractor..... 18c

Enos' Fruit Salt..... 50c

HOUSEHOLD MEDICINES.

Jacobs' Violet Toilet Ammonia, strong and fragrant, pt. bot. 10c

Benzine, pint..... 10c

Arnold Sterilizers..... \$2.50

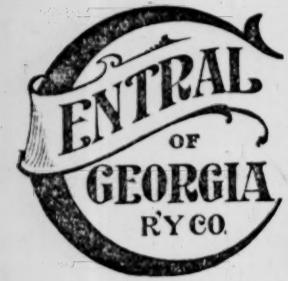
Extra Bottles for Arnold's Sterilizers, per dozen..... 60c

Putz's Liquid Pomade, large..... 18c

# CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO NEW YORK VIA "SAVANNAH LINE."

CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RAILWAY AND OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

## \$26.75 ATLANTA TO NEW YORK AND RETURN

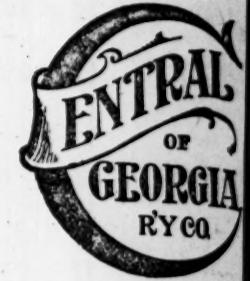


Proportionately Low Rates From All Other Points in Georgia.

Tickets Will Be Sold September 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14th,

Good 30 Days Returning, Including Meals and Berths on Steamer.

5 SHIPS EACH WEEK EACH WAY BETWEEN SAVANNAH AND NEW YORK



F. J. ROBINSON,  
City Ticket and Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.;

S. B. WEBB,  
Traveling Pass. Ag't, Atlanta, Ga.;

E. H. HINTON,  
Traffic Manager, Savannah, Ga.;

J. C. HAILE,  
General Pass. Agent, Savannah, Ga.

### MANY FISH FOR GEORGIA STREAMS

A Fish Hatchery Is To Be Located in  
This State.

### PRELIMINARY STEPS TAKEN

Senator Bacon Gives Some Interesting  
Facts About It.

### WANTED: A SITE FOR THE HATCHERY

Here Is a Chance for Some Enterprising  
Community To Get a Good  
Thing—What Is Necessary.

Macon, Ga., August 28.—(Special)—Georgia  
is to have a fish hatchery; what enterprising  
community wants it?

At Washington during the last session of congress Senator Bacon started a movement which is going to result in the establishment of one of these valuable institutions in Georgia. How much it will mean to the state to have the rivers and creeks stocked with food fish of various kinds has been explained in The Constitution's Washington dispatches. In addition to the establishment of a hatchery will mean the expenditure of a good many thousands of dollars of government money in the community where it is located.

Today Senator Bacon gave some interesting facts concerning the proposed hatchery. A representative of the fish commission is now on his way to Georgia to select a site, and in this fact many people ought to be interested.

### Senator Bacon Explains.

In speaking of the matter today, Senator Bacon said:

"In the general deficiency bill approved in July there was at my instance inserted a provision directing the fish commissioner to select a suitable location in this state for the establishment of a fish hatchery, and enabling an appropriation necessary to meet the expense of making the necessary investigation and selecting the proper place. Under the law the location must be donated to the government. The reason for this is that the competition between the several states to secure the location of such a hatchery has been great. In one state should fail to donate a suitable site the people in other adjoining states would very eagerly embrace the opportunity to do so."

The fish commissioner advises me that the agent whom he has selected for the purpose of making this investigation and location is about to leave Washington for Georgia for this purpose. He will come to Macon for the purpose of conferring with me as to localities and so forth. In making the selection he will be guided exclusively by the question of merit in the various sites which may be proposed, and there will be no favoritism shown to any person or locality within the state.

### A Necessary Requisite.

"It is necessary that the site should contain a spring from which there is a flow of water of from 750 to 1,000 gallons per minute. One thousand gallons per minute is about the limit. The question is, can that same water may be used in a succession of ponds, then a spring furnishing 750 gallons per minute may be found sufficient in its supply of water. An ordinary running stream will not answer the purpose of the hatchery and of keeping it in operation thereafter will be borne by the government.

"I trust that parties who have springs they wish the agent to examine will notify me at Macon as early as possible so that I may give the information to the agent upon his arrival. I will request that all parties who write to me on the subject will endorse on the outside of the letter the name of the 'Fish Hatchery,' so that the same may be noted in my absence if such should occur.

### Importance Cannot Be Overestimated.

"The importance of the establishment of this fish hatchery in the state can scarcely be overestimated. I believe that through this agency every stream and every body of water in the state can, within a few years, be well stocked, not only with our native fish, but with such other varieties

of fish as may be found adapted to our waters."

While Senator Bacon does not say so, the location of the hatchery will carry with it the expenditure of a good deal of money in its construction and maintenance, and it will, therefore, be doubly valuable to whatever community may secure it.

### WHAT THE NEGRO IS DOING.

Say what we will or may, there are two serious problems confronting the people of the United States. I refer to the great question of the conflict between capital and organized labor and to the question, what shall we do with the criminals of civilization. These are not state, but are nation-wide problems. Before these questions the " negro problem" divides us into

two parts of Western Africa.

Many of us know and remember Bishop Ferguson, who was in the city and preached several years ago. This incident must certainly be gratifying to every American negro. That such distinguished attention was paid to these negroes, who by the queen of England is believed to have shown the attitude of the British toward the sable pilgrims of Ethiopia."

H. R. BUTLER.

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H. R. BUTLER.

### Low Excursion Rates to the East.

The Georgia railroad and Atlantic Coast Line offer rate one fare for the round trip to Richmond, Norfolk and New York. Tickets will be sold September 1st to 4th, inclusive, limited to thirty days. For further information and sleeping car reservation apply to Santa Fe, Central of Georgia, Atlanta, Ga., R.R. phone 109; Geo. E. Ecker, Sol. Pass' Office, A. C. Line, phone 167; City Pass' Office, A. C. Line, phone 173 and 193.

SAM W. WILKES, C. F. & P. A.

Round Trip Tickets to New York, via  
Charleston.

August 26th, September 1st to 4th, inclusive, and September 10th to 14th, inclusive, round trip tickets will be sold from Atlanta to New York and return via Georgia railroad, Clyde Line, and Southern from Charleston, good for twenty days at \$3.75.

SAM W. WILKES, C. F. & P. A.

Many Good Horses Will Be Sold—Only  
High-Class Kentucky Horses Will  
Be Offered.

Not Moved Yet.

The Southern Dye Works is still at the old stand on Walton street. After September 1st will be office on Forsyth street. The fall sales are beginning to take place and the horses are to be sold for good Kentucky and Tennessee raised horses. Captain John A. Miller, of the Brady-Miller stable, is engaged at to what he has the outlook for live stock for the present year was said:

"I have just returned from the western market and am engaged in a tour of them all. I believe that the sales this year will exceed those of last; especially with the increase of market horses."

"When do you intend opening your sales this year?"

"We will have our first sale next Wednesday and we will show as pretty

a lot of horses as was ever gathered under one roof, and you might say that, although we have a large number of horses, it is an advantage to the buyer attending this one. They will get cheaper horses, as we all know, for the market is advancing."

Mr. Condon is thoroughly imbued with the Eastern spirit—that is, to out-do everybody—to see how she succeeds you but to compare her work with that of others.

It is a difficult thing for a photographer to flatter the eye and do justice to a subject at the same time, but Mrs. Condon, at 25½ Whitehall street seems to have mastered the art, her pictures demonstrate beyond question.

It is not the ability that flashes only.

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# GEORGE PARROTT BURIED TODAY

Remains of Unfortunate Young Man To Rest in Oakland.

HIS TRAGIC FATE IS MOURNED

The Suicide Caused a Shock In Business and Social Circles.

LIFE INSURANCE AMOUNTS TO \$31,000

Policy Are Non-Contestable and the Full Amount Will Be Paid Up. His Speculations Covered a Period of Several Months.

The funeral services over the remains of young George Parrott, Jr., will be held at the residence, 22 Howard street, this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The funeral services will be conducted by Dr. E. H. Barnett, of the First Presbyterian church, and Dr. J. W. Roberts, of Trinity church. The interment will occur at Oakland cemetery, where the body of the unfortunate young man will be laid to rest beside the grave of his mother.

Yesterday many who had been friends of young Parrott's called at the house to see the remains lying on a bier in the room in which he fired the shot that ended his bright career.

Many beautiful flowers and wreaths were received at the house, which testified to the popularity of the young man.

No Inquest Held.

Coroner Stamps was notified of the suicide yesterday morning and called at the Parrott home to hold an inquest. He arrived early in the morning and found the body lying on the floor of the dining room in the same spot where the young man was lying when he took his own life.

The coroner decided to investigate before holding an inquest and talked with Mrs. Ray, Mr. Parrott's mother-in-law, who was an eye-witness to the suicide. He told how it occurred and Coroner Stamps decided that it would not be necessary to hold an inquest because there was a doubt as to the manner in which the young man had met death.

It Was Premeditated.

The action of young Parrott in taking his life was not the impulse of a moment. It was a deliberate and pre-dictated act, as was caused by his losses while speculating. His friends and father suspected his intention, not from anything that he openly said, but by hints which he gave which showed the trend of his thoughts.

Dr. Courtney Pinckney and J. G. Eas- ter were summoned, but all hope was gone even before they received the message. Death was instantaneous. Before firing the shot which ended his life Parrott was very deliberate in his actions. He secured two pillows from the lounge in the parlor and placed them on the floor. Then lying down with his head on the pillows, he fired the fatal shot.

## The Pistol Used.

The pistol chosen by Parrott for the deed is a 32-caliber and has a fixed cylinder with a side ejection. Only one bullet entered the brain of the young man, but two of the cartridges had been used.

Some of those present say they heard two shots while others say that only one was shot. No bullet holes are on the wall, and the matter will probably remain a mystery. It is thought that Parrott secured the weapon this afternoon at J. S. Cohen, Frank G. Lake, S. May's Ball, H. L. English, W. C. Martin, Charles L. Ryan, John E. Cay, Howell Peoples, Samuel Meyer, Charles Healey and Richard Bell.

## The Funeral Services.

George Parrott was about twenty-four years of age and had resided in this city all of his life, except when attending college. He was regarded as a young man with an exceptionally bright future, and the news of his tragic death shocked the entire community. The pallbearers who will act in the funeral this afternoon are J. S. Cohen, Frank G. Lake, S. May's Ball, H. L. English, W. C. Martin, Charles L. Ryan, John E. Cay, Howell Peoples, Samuel Meyer, Charles Healey and Richard Bell.

## Insurance on His Life.

Though young Parrott lost a great amount of money and came out of the affair deeply in debt, his life was well insured and he did not leave his widow entirely unprovided for.

The full amount of insurance on his life was \$30,000, divided between two insurance companies and one benefit order. At least \$30,000 of this amount will be paid without contest.

Young Parrott had two policies in New York. Life for \$10,000 each, making \$20,000. One of these policies was taken out last April and the other one during last May. In the Equitable he had a policy of \$10,000, which was taken out about one year ago, just before his marriage. The other \$10,000 is in some benefit order, the name of which could not be learned.

It is certain that his widow will receive \$30,000, because all the policies covering this amount are non-contestable and will be paid. Under the clause which is said to be in the policies there seems to be no ground whatever on which the insurance companies can contest the claim. It is not known whether or not the \$10,000 can be contested.

The policies will probably be paid as soon as the usual form of proving the death and its cause are gone through. That the money will be paid without contest is certain.

The Young Man's Speculations.

The story of George Parrott's speculations covers a period of some months. So far as is known young Parrott's first

speculations commenced about six months ago, when he started in Jersey Central stocks in New York. His first efforts in the market were not successful and probably with the view of recouping his losses he tried it again.

The bulk of his money was lost in sugar, but the last of it was in wheat. He went to the last cent of all that he had.

He might have used other money in the same useless effort, but he had the strength to stop when his own was gone. When most men speculate and lose they never stop at anything in the effort to recoup. The larger the amount lost the more desperate the effort to get back the lost fortunes.

George Parrott had money outside of his own at his command—money that he could have used as easily as he did his own and perhaps made back all that he had lost without being discovered—but with all the speculative instincts in him aroused and his big fortune gone he did

speculations commenced about six months ago, when he started in Jersey Central stocks in New York. His first efforts in the market were not successful and probably with the view of recouping his losses he tried it again.

The bulk of his money was lost in sugar, but the last of it was in wheat. He went to the last cent of all that he had.

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# DREYFUS RESIGNS WHILE IN ARREARS

Collector of Capital City Lodge K. of P. Said To Be Short.

## THE FIGURES ARE NOT KNOWN

It Is Said He Left His Lodge Before Making Full Settlement.

## OFFICERS MAKING AN INVESTIGATION

Secretary Cronheim Says He Thinks Dreyfus Was Simply Careless and Did Not Intend To Defraud the Lodge—Is in New York City.

The books and accounts of Herbert L. Dreyfus, recently collector for Capital City Lodge No. 33, Knights of Pythias, are being examined by a committee which was appointed several days ago to make an investigation of the conduct of the former collector.

It is a plain case of murder. A terrible hole that goes clear to the brain from the rear of the skull shows where the coupling pin struck. The cap that was found had blotches of blood on it. A place fifteen feet long shows where the negro dragged or was dragged by his murderer after the blow struck.

Nothing was found on his person that would lead to his identity. An extra pair of shoes was found twenty feet from where the struggle occurred. The murdered negro had one pair of tan shoes that showed some considerable wear.

It was the verdict of the county physician that the body had been in the woods several days. Both of the eyes had been eaten out and green flies had begun on the body. The body is terribly swollen. The negro was of large stature and fully six feet tall.

It was 12:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon when a message was received at the police station, telephoned from the DeLoach Mills, that the dead negro had been found. The negro was noticed at once and went to the place.

The negro undertaker was engaged to bring the body to the city and bury it after the coroner's verdict had been rendered. A plain pine box was carried out and the coffin was rolled into this.

A jury was impaneled at an undertaking establishment, on Mitchell street, just below Forsyth. The negro boy who found the body made a statement. He was walking through the woods when he came across the shoes and looking around for the owner, he discovered it was a negro. He says that he was frightened and ran to the DeLoach Mills, where he told a number of workmen. They formed a party and led by the negro boy went to where the body was lying.

An examination was made by the county physician. He stated that death would have been produced by the blow in the back of the head.

After hearing the testimony the following verdict was rendered by the jury:

"No, we do not know what is the cause of death, but it is the result of a blow to the head." L. R. FOREMAN, Foreman.

"Dr. J. L. MCKEEAN, County Physician."

The dead negro is of a bright mulatto color, six feet and one-half inch tall, weighing about 180 pounds.

Thousands of negroes viewed the decomposed body in the undertaker's last night.

Secretary Cronheim was seen last night and he gave the following statement for publication:

"It is unfortunate that the matter has become public property," said he, "but as the rumors have been probably considerably exaggerated, it is only due Mr. Dreyfus to let the public know so far as has been disclosed to him."

"Dreyfus informed me some time ago that he intended going to New York. He said he would be absent from Atlanta and suggested that I would not be able to see him again. I do not feel so terribly over it. If I had hit it right I would have been worth a million, but I didn't and it is no use to moan over it. Of course, I am some poorer, but I am just as proud as I ever was, and I am not going to all right again. My father is rich and my father had money for her own comforts and as I may have about \$5,000 out of the week, I guess I am right well off after all."

Yesterday a number of members of the lodge received postal cards stating that they were in arrears. These notices caused these members who hold receipts to show them to Secretary Cronheim, and it was seen that many of them had paid Dreyfus and that their payments had not been turned over to the lodge.

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## NEGRO TRIED FOR HIS LIFE TEN TIMES

First Jury Returned a Verdict Carrying the Death Sentence.

### LAWYERS MAKE HARD FIGHT

New Hearing Results in a Life Term in Penitentiary.

### MISTRIALS AND SHORT TRIMS FOLLOW

Attorneys Continue the Battle Until the Prisoner Is Given an Acquittal.

By Robert McDavid.

Montgomery, Ala., August 28.—(Special)—One of the most remarkable criminal cases ever tried in Alabama was disposed of here this week. A negro man, after having been put on trial ten times for his life, was acquitted by a jury composed of the best men of the county.

The history of the case is interesting.

In the spring of 1883 Douglas White, a negro then about forty years of age, went



DOUGLASS WHITE, Colored.

one night to the house of Margaret Davis, his unlawful wife, with whom he boarded, and was admitted by the woman herself. Half an hour afterwards the report of a gun rang out, and Margaret Davis fell dead. An hour later White went to police headquarters and surrendered, taking his gun with him.

At the preliminary trial he stated that after he had entered the house he lighted the lamp and loaded himself with his gun and pistol, intending to go hunting the following morning, having promised to kill some birds for a Mr. McLeod, who was sick. He testified that while he had his gun in his hand, he observed that the lamp was burning too high and hurried to turn the wick back, when, in his haste, he struck the butt of his gun against the wall and discharged the contents of the barrel into the heart of the negroess, Margaret Davis.

The state, however, introduced considerable testimony tending to show that White and the woman had quarreled about a lamp chimney which White was said to have broken while lighting the lamp, and that he had then threatened to kill her in anger. He was committed to jail without bond.

White then employed as his counsel Mr. James B. Fuller, then a briefless barrister, but now one of the foremost young attorneys in the state. Mr. Fuller, of course, took an active interest in the case from the first, and made out all the evidence, but his opinion was against his client from the first and at the trial before Circuit Judge Arrington, in October, 1883, White was given the death sentence for murder in the first degree. Mr. Fuller appealed to the case. At this time there were seven murder cases appealed from Montgomery county, and the supreme court sustained the decisions of the lower court in all of the cases, excepting in White's, which was reversed and remanded by reason of the overruling of some of Mr. Fuller's objections.

At the July term of the city court in 1884 White was again arraigned, a mistrial resulting this time.

About this time Mr. Fuller associated with him in the case Mr. Thomas M. Arrington, another young lawyer, able, and popular. The opinion was against the court. White was put on trial again, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

The public thought that he was exceedingly fortunate and congratulated his young lawyers in saving their client's life. They were by no means satisfied, however, and insisted that the verdict be set aside, because of a technical defect in its wording.

They carried their point and the case went over for trial at the next term of the court.

In October, 1885, the case was called up for trial again. By this time the bar of the entire state and very many newspaper readers had become intensely interested in the result. After another hard-fought legal battle White was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death. A second appeal to the supreme court was taken and a reversal was asked on the ground that certain written charges touching the question of flight had been refused by the trial judge. The supreme court allowed the case and returned it to the lower court.

White was again tried at the February term of the city court, and the jury found him guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced him to ten years only in the penitentiary.

The case was again taken to the supreme court on appeal and was again sent by the defendant's attorney to the jury upon technical questions propounded by the defendant's attorney touching the general character of a witness for the state. The final trial came up this week as stated. It was a vigorous fight, lasting several days. Finally the case was given to the jury, and it was by no means an over-charitable tribunal. The increase of murders during the past year have put the fall term jurors on their metal and convictions have been coming thick and fast. The jury which White's attorney had brought to their room about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and remained there until 1 o'clock when they brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The new evidence which probably brought about White's acquittal was furnished by John Williams, the state's only eye witness, told her about a year ago that she, Queen, had got religion and the Lord had forgiven her for all of the lies she had sworn to against Douglas White, her father, and that she also gave him the Lord's name had forgotten her. The Williams woman swore that Queen had told her that her grandmother, White's victim's mother, had threatened her unless she swore she had seen White shoot the woman. Queen has since died.

## LLOYD WAS READY TO FIRE, SAYS GAFFORD

Prisoner Makes a Statement of the Killing to a Friend.

### HE CLAIMS SELF-DEFENSE

Declares the Dead Man Had a Pistol Drawn To Shoot.

### SLAYER WAS QUICK AND GOT THE DROP

Tells Editor Whitehead That Lloyd Had Been Requested To Cease Visiting His Sister.

Montgomery, Ala., August 28.—(Special)—John Gafford, the slayer of Bartow Lloyd, of Greenville, who is a populist like himself, in which he asserts that he killed Lloyd in self-defense.

Gafford says that after persistent injunction from him, Lloyd continued to visit his sister, who was a neighbor of Lloyd's family. He says that on Wednesday afternoon, as he was returning from a bird hunt, he met Lloyd driving along the road and stopped him and commenced again to remonstrate. He says he reminded Lloyd of his promise to cease attention to his sister and that Lloyd insisted he had done so.

Gafford says he reminded the writer that at a recent camping meeting in the neighborhood he had been the sister's constant companion and that they had had talk and scandal. Concluding, Gafford says:

"At this he hesitated and he said, 'Well, I have a little, but make no reply.' Then he said he had a gun and he was looking at something over in a field near by. This caused me also to look in the same direction. When I threw my eyes back upon him he had his pistol in his hand. I believed that his looking was a ruse to divert my attention, which it did. We were close together and I saw that I must shoot or be shot and that there was no time to lose. Instantly I drew my gun and fired over both barrels. Lloyd fell from his horse. I walked on in less than a hundred yards and Charles Deas and told him what had happened and for him to go and help him all he could. A little further on I met Claude Palmer and I told him the same. I want to say that I was sober at the time, not having touched a drop of whisky that day. Lloyd was sober also."

### ALABAMA SENDS COAL TO MEXICO

Cargo Is Now Being Loaded at Pensacola, Fla.

Birmingham, Ala., August 28.—(Special)—The Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway Company is loading a cargo of coal at Pensacola consisting of 500 tons, which will be shipped to Vera Cruz, Mexico, to be loaded into the trade in that country, now being supplied by an English coal company.

The discriminating duty on Mexican vessels loading coal at American ports having



ATTORNEY JAMES B. FULLER.

been abolished at the last session of congress, Alabama will attempt to get into the Mexican market with her product.

The Tennessee company, which will furnish coal to the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, which will be shipped from Pensacola, and the Gulf Transit Company, which handle it over waters, are uniting on the first shipment to the Mexican market and are sending an expert coal man along to be at the introduction.

### FREIGHT TRAIN SAVES A LIFE

Lynch Party Delayed Until Prisoner Is Placed in Jail.

Roxboro, N.C., August 28.—A freight near Christiansburg, today delayed a lynching party, but the avengers of little Mary Moxey are now gathered in force at Elliston, near by, and their chances are that a negro will be lynched without due process of law before Sunday night.

Lark Taylor, colored, assaulted Mary Jane Moxey, a fourteen-year-old white child, near Elliston, Montgomery county, yesterday. Only the child and her younger sister were in the house at the time, and the negro fired on the alarm was given. He soon started on his track, however, but he was apprehended today by the authorities and lodged in jail at Christiansburg. The lynchers were close behind him and it was only through a freight wreck on the road that they were kept from their prey.

At last accounts the lynchers are still at Elliston, but their numbers are being rapidly increased.

### HE KILLED A DEPUTY SHERIFF

Officer Bringing a Negro from Texas to Alabama for Trial.

Greenville, Ala., August 28.—(Special)—An officer of Waco, Tex., is on the way with a negro supposed to be E. J. Watts, who shot and killed Deputy Sheriff Benjamin of this county, about five years ago, while Barganier was attempting to arrest him.

There is a state reward of \$200.

Locates at Anderson.

Anderson, S. C., August 28.—(Special)—The late prominent Mantey, who, it is known, was a man of the world, Rev. Charles D. D., has accepted the chair at the Patrick Military Institute this week, and he and his family installed him yesterday and will make their home here.

Horse Kills His Rider.

Hopewell, Ala., August 28.—(Special)—A. S. Smith, aged sixty-five, a prominent citizen of Lawrence county, was killed last night by a horse. Smith was riding the animal when it stumbled and fell over on its side, mashing Smith fearfully.

## RUSSELL PARDONS YOUNG PATRICIDE

Fourteen-Year-Old Boy Who Waylaid and Killed His Father.

### WAS SENTENCED TO HANG

Kinsman of Senator Butler Sent to Prison for Lifetime.

### MAKED TWO MOST DARING ESCAPES

Three Governors Were Urged To Give the Lad His Freedom Because His Father Was Cruel.

Raleigh, N. C., August 28.—(Special)—John Gafford, the slayer of Bartow Lloyd, of Greenville, who is a populist like himself, in which he asserts that he killed Lloyd in self-defense.

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### JELLICO STRIKE GROWS SERIOUS

Operators Threaten To Put Non-Union Men in Mines.

Knoxville, Tenn., August 28.—(Special)—The coal miners' situation there is alarming. On Monday occurs the final conference between miners and operators.

It is to be hoped that the miners will not give in to the operators' demands, and if they do, the old scale and if the miners do not accept the scale they propose there will be trouble.

The miners are today making efforts to have Coal Creek district join them, thereby adding about 2,500 more miners to the strikers. They also claim that they have instructed the Gandy Workman Sovereign not to accept any scale less than the old one.

The miners are Sunday consultations and trouble is feared, although miners and operators have so far been very friendly.

### WINDSTORM CAUSES A DEATH

Dancing Pavilion Goes Down with a Picnic Crowd.

Chicago, Aug. 28.—A severe wind storm swept over the western suburbs of Chicago tonight doing considerable damage to buildings at several points. A dancing pavilion in which a picnic party had sought shelter was blown down, killing one woman and injuring three other people.

### HE WAS NOT GULDENSUFFE

Mrs. Nack's Victim Proves To Be a Pittsburgh, Pa., Man.

New York, Aug. 28.—William A. Murray, the Petersburg, Va., photographer, who came here yesterday to see the body of William Guldensuppe, at the morgue, which he claims to identify as that of William S. Edwards, who was found dead at the corner of his office today.

He described the satchel found in the woods at Kingsbridge, near the lower part of the body of Guldensuppe and the knife which he had used to stab him.

He also described the knife found in the body of the negro, which he had used to stab him.

The following are the dates on which the temperature at Montgomery and Atlanta was 90 degrees, which was the highest reported from the districts to the eastward of the Rocky mountains. Present conditions indicate a continuance of generally fair weather and high temperatures.

### Records Are Smashed

The temperature at the local station has been on the upward march during the past four days and eclipsed all previous records both on the 27th and 28th. The maximum temperature on the 27th was 91 degrees and the highest on that date before was 90 degrees in 1896, that of the 28th, 92 degrees, according to the records for that date during the past eighteen years, the highest before this was 91 degrees in 1888.

This temperature is not only a record-breaker for this date, but is also an all-time record for the different years from 1879 to the present time, and in contrast with the weather of a week or so ago, when we were experiencing maximum temperatures in the seventies, which were bordering very closely on some of the lowest of which there was any record.

The following are the dates on which the temperature at selected stations was 90 degrees:

1881, 12th and 14th; 1888, 7th, and 18th; 1890, 12th and 14th.

### Local Report for Yesterday.

Daily mean temperature..... 75

Daily normal temperature..... 74

Highest temperature..... 92

Lowest temperature..... 73

Total rainfall for 24 hours..... 0.00

Deficiency since January 1..... 6.01

Daily report of the weather at selected stations as given by observations taken at 8 p. m. August 28, 1897.

### STATIONS.

Temperature at 8 P. M.

Temperature in Sun.

Temperature in Shade.

Temperature in Wind.

Temperature in Heat.

Temperature in Cold.

Temperature in Heat.

ELKIN'S  
...FINE...  
AMMONDS  
PEACHTREE STREET.

SUCCESSFUL SERIES  
OF A. A. U. GAMES

Henneman, of Chicago, Won the Shot  
Putting Contest.

WEFERS DID 100 YARDS IN 94-5

Charles Henneman Also Led in Throw-  
ing the Discus.

FLANAGAN TOOK THE HAMMER THROW

Altogether the Contests Were Excit-  
ing and Were Right Up to  
the Records.

New York, August 28.—Since the forma-  
tion of the Amateur Athletic Union there  
has never before been such a successful se-  
ries of amateur games for the national  
championships as that which was held this  
afternoon on the track and field of Man-  
hattan field. The attendance was 4,000.  
The track was lightning fast and the in-  
field perfect.

Summaries.

Eight Hundred and Eighty Yards Run-  
won by J. C. Crogan, N. Y. A. C.; H.  
L. Marvel, N. J. A. C., second; Edward  
M. Powe, Pittsburgh, A. C., third; George  
Stephen, Montreal A. U. A., fourth. Time,  
1:03 5-6.

Putting the Sixteen-pound Shot—Won by  
Charles Henneman, Chicago A. A., dis-  
tance 43 feet 7 1/2 inches; F. Beck, N. J.  
A. C., 42 feet 6 1/2 inches; second; J. Herli-  
hy, N. Y. Westside A. C., 41 feet 10 1/2  
inches; third.

One Hundred Yard Dash, Final Heat—  
won by B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C.; J. H.  
Marbury, Chicago A. A., and Bush ran  
dead even for second place; J. T. Jackson,  
Pittsburgh A. C., fourth. Time, 9 4-5  
seconds. Wefers won by two yards and  
had equalled the world's record.

One-mile Walk—Won by Samuel Lieb-  
gold, Pastime A. C.; W. B. Fetterman,  
N. Y. A. C., second; Edward W. Dono-  
van, N. Y. A. C., third. Time, 6:44 4-5.

Leaping High Jump—Won by I. K. Bar-  
ry, N. Y. A. C., height 24 1/4 inches;  
W. C. Carroll, N. Y. A. C., height 23 1/4  
inches; second; N. Y. A. C., height 23 1/4  
inches; third.

One Hundred and Twenty Yards Hurdle  
Race—Won by J. H. Thompson, Jr., N.  
Y. A. C.; John R. Richards, Chicago A.  
A., second; T. W. Chase, N. Y. A. C.,  
third; C. C. Quigley, Springfield A. C.,  
fourth. N. H. Friesen, Pittsburgh A. C.,  
fifth; A. C. B. Knoblauch, Toledo, N. Y. A. C.,  
sixth. Time, 1:23 5-6.

Throwing the Sixteen-pound Hammer—  
won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C.; Charles  
Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., second; W. H. Long,  
N. Y. A. C., third; J. H. Rush, Chicago A.  
A., fourth. Time, 49 1/2 seconds. Flanagan  
won after leading the way, ten  
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DAN GOLDSMITH.

FRANK EDMONDSON.

## GOLDSMITH &amp; EDMONDSON

53 Whitehall. The Atlanta Leaders in Drugs at CUT PRICES.

## Soaps.

Cuticura Soap	15c
Lettuce Skin Soap	5c
Pearl's Unscented Soap	10c
Pearl's Scented Soap	15c
Woodbury's Facial Soap	25c
Colgate Cashmere Bouquet Soap	25c and 35c
Buttermilk Soap, 3 cakes in box	10c
Georgia Pine Tar Soap	5c
Carbolic Soap	5c
Pure Palm Oil Soap	5c
Castile Blue Flottle Soap, large bars	18c
Castile, white conti, imported, per pound	20c
Williams' Shaving Soap	5c
Also a full line of all imported soaps, Pinaud's, Lubin's, Rogier & Gallet's, Coudray's, etc.	

## Summer Specials.

Persian Insect Powder, 1 pound package with gun	35c
Crude Carbolic Acid, pint bottle	25c
Bed Bug Killer, pint bottle with brush	25c
Moth Balls, 2 pounds	5c
Mosquito Lotion	15c
Sea Salt, West India, 10 pound sack, general nerve tonic	17c
Prepared Chalk, Crab's Eye, per pound	10c
Borax, powdered, refined, per pound	10c
Burkhard's Perfection Patent Leather Polish	8c
Burkhard's Perfection Gloss Shoe Dressing for ladies and children's shoes	10c
Burkhard's Perfection Russet Combination	10c
Burkhard's Perfection Wine Cleaner Combination for red leather	10c
Burkhard's Perfection Combination Dressing for black leather	10c
Ladies' Perfection black oil shoe dressing for ladies' and children's shoes, large bottle	18c
Brown's French Dressing for ladies' shoes	8c
Copperas, 5 pounds for	15c
Epsom Salts, 5 pounds for	15c

Sulphur, 5 pounds for	30c
Spirits Camphor, pint bottle	50c
Paregoric, pint bottles	50c
Turpentine, pint bottles	10c
Castor Oil, pure, pint bottles	15c
Pinaud's Quadruple Extract, 1/2 oz bottle, all odors	65c
Atkinson's Extract, 1/4 oz, all odors	65c
Dr. Edmondson's Sarsaparilla with Iodide of Potash—the best blood purifier on earth	50c
Dr. Wood's Extract Celery and Beef, the ideal nerve tonic for ladies	68c
Williams' Pink Pills	33c
Carter's Little Liver Pills	10c
Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills	25c
Cathoum's Liver Pills	15c
Morse's Indian Root Pills	15c
Wills' English Pills	15c
Mellin's Food	37c and 50c

## SPECIAL TO THE LADIES:

Ice Cream and Ice Cream Soda Water Only 5c.  
Prompt attention to all Out-o-f-Town Orders.  
We want your patronage. Remember the place—Opposite M. Rich & Bro's, center of Block.

## Small Store.

'Phone 430.

## Small Prices.

## West India Bay Rum, Eastman's.

## Extract Witch Hazel, quart bottles.

## Bigger's Blackberry Cordial

## Blackberry Cordial

## Sun Cholera Mixture

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

## Parker's Hair Balsam

## Tricopherous

## Pinaud's Quinine Hair Tonic

## Colgate's Rum and Quinine Hair Tonic

## Dr. Edmondson's Quinine Hair Tonic

## Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder

## Pozzoni's Complexion Powder

## Tetlow's Gossamer Powder

## Lubin's Baby Powder

## Pinnaud's Baby Powder

## Lyon's Tooth Powder

## Calder's Dentine

## Malted Milk, 40c, 75c and \$3 Black Draught

## Simmons' Liver Regulator

## Hire's Root Beer

## Colgate's Aromatic Tooth Powder

## Euthymol Tooth Paste

## Aromatic Smelling Salts

## Dr. Goldsmith's Freckle and Tan Cure

## has never failed to remove all freckles and tan; guaranteed

## Putz's Liquid Cream-Meyers

## 1 qt. Fountain Syringes

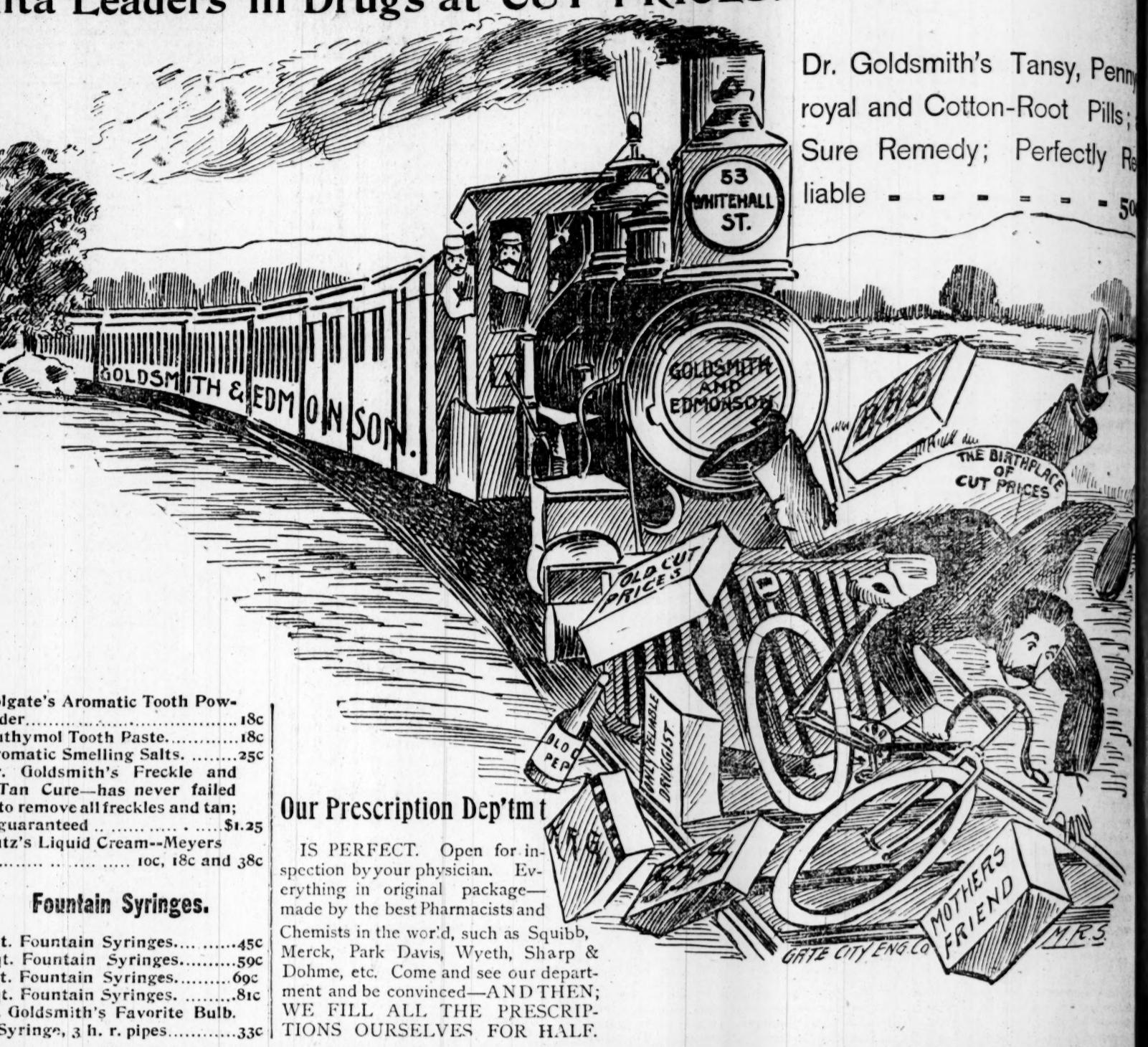
## 2 qt. Fountain Syringes

## 3 qt. Fountain Syringes

## 4 qt. Fountain Syringes

## Dr. Goldsmith's Favorite Bulb

## Syringe, 3 h. r. pipes



## Our Prescription Dep'tm

IS PERFECT. Open for inspection by your physician. Everything in original package—made by the best Pharmacists and Chemists in the world, such as Squibb, Merck, Park Davis, Wyeth, Sharp & Dohme, etc. Come and see our department and be convinced—AND THEN; WE FILL ALL THE PRESCRIPTIONS OURSELVES FOR HALF.

## Fountain Syringes.

1 qt. Fountain Syringes	45c
2 qt. Fountain Syringes	50c
3 qt. Fountain Syringes	60c
4 qt. Fountain Syringes	81c
Dr. Goldsmith's Favorite Bulb	
Syringe, 3 h. r. pipes	33c

## 53 WHITEHALL STREET.

## GOLDSMITH &amp; EDMONDSON.

## 53 WHITEHALL STREET

## WANTS A WEEK OF MERRY CARNIVAL

## COUNCILMAN LUMPKIN HAS A GREAT SCHEME ON FOOT.

## WILL CHAMPION RESOLUTION

It is thought the City Council will oppose the matter.

## MANY MERCHANTS FAVOR THE PLAN

Lumpkin wants a Harvest Festival to occur in October, and all Georgia will be invited.

Resolutions looking to the inauguration of a harvest festival will be introduced by Councilman Lumpkin at the next meeting of the city council, which will take place on September 6th.

It is the desire of Mr. Lumpkin to have the festival commence about October 15th and last at least one week or ten days. All of the cities of this state will be invited to have representatives here during the carnival week, and neighboring states will be asked to send citizens to take part in the enterprise.

The resolutions will ask that a committee consisting of three members of the general council and five citizens be appointed to the purpose of inaugurating and conducting a carnival, to be held in the city about October 15th, and lasting a week or ten days; that to this end they be empowered to invite the citizens of the city to appropriate sub-committees, raise sufficient funds by subscription or otherwise, provide suitable attractions, secure transportation and invite the states of Georgia and all other states as wish to be present, and to make such other arrangements necessary to carry out the scheme as will make the festival beneficial and interesting.

Mr. Lumpkin is enthusiastic about the success of the festival and when seen yesterday, said:

"I believe the council, and the whole

## BARRACKS PUPILS TO BE ADMITTED

They can attend City Schools, but Must Pay High for the Privilege.

## PRICE OF TUITION IS DOUBLED

Made \$50 Per Year for Grammar Schools and \$80 for High Schools.

## WORK FOR THE FALL TERM MAPPED OUT

Rules Go Over Until the Regular Meeting Next Thursday, and Will Be Finally Acted On Then.

## ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS CARRIED THE COUNTY IN YESTERDAY'S ELECTION.

## ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS TRY TO RESCUE IT

## IN THE SCRAMBLE THERE WAS A TUSSE

## BETWEEN A PREACHER AND A SALOON KEEPER.

## MUSCOGEE WET BY BIG MAJORITY

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ONDSON.  
ONCHANDLER GIVES  
PARTY A WARNINGRepublicans Must Not Stand for  
Gold Alone.

IF THEY DO DEFEAT IS CERTAIN

Sensational Letters from a Republican  
Leader.

NECESSITY FOR BIMETALLISM URGED

The Fall in Silver and the Flurry in  
Wheat and Stocks Do Not Affect  
the Question—Gold Mono-  
metallism Means Con-  
tinued Disaster.

By Jos. Ohl.

Washington, August 27.—(Special Correspondence)—"There is one powerful reason why the republican party and the McKinley administration will not abandon bimetallism and that is a reason of policy as well as of principle. Overwhelming party defeat will follow such abandonment."

This declaration, coming from one of the most powerful of republican leaders, has caused a decided sensation here in Washington and at the same time has brought consternation to the manufacturers who think they have put this country on a gold basis to remain there for all time.

Strong and cogent reasons against gold monometallism are ably presented by the same eminent leader. He is William E. Chandler, United States senator from the state of New Hampshire, a man who has for thirty years been holding high office, state or national, and whose ability and strength have never been questioned even by the political opponents who have criticized his bitter partisanship.

A Close Student of Finance.

Senator Chandler bases no opportunity to throw a bomb into the ranks of the gold clique. For years he has been a close student of the great question of finance and the result is his earnest advocacy of the restoration of bimetallism. A student and dyed-in-the-wool republican, he is still of the belief that his party is true to bimetallism—but has not become the machine of the money power; but evidently alive to the necessity of that party as now constituted, he sounds the note of warning quoted above.

For the republican party to abandon bimetallism would mean overwhelming party defeat.

Senator Chandler now stands within party ranks battling to keep the republicans from going over entirely to gold monometallism. He gives it as his belief that this effort in which he and other republicans are honest and earnestly engaged will be successful, and up to this time he has argued against the democratic position of action by this country independent of all other nations; but all of his utterances since the last election have carried the warning—if not in direct declaration, certainly in open inference—that if the issue has not been directly or even indirectly raised on the one hand and silver restoration in any shape on the other, he and thousands of other republicans will be found voting against gold.

Chandler Writes Two Letters.

In the last Congress Senator Chandler presented his views upon this question at length. His speech created much division in republican ranks and was regarded here as one of the sensations of the session. The Constitution, it will be recalled, provided a quite lengthy synopsis of this speech—so strong was its indorsement of all that the democrats had said of the evils of the gold standard. Now Senator Chandler comes to the front again—this time in two letters published in the Washington Post, and the result of the appearance of these letters is causing from many of his party associates and discussion by the public in general.

In these letters Senator Chandler emphasizes his opposition to the single gold standard and punctures many of the fallacies of the gold argument. The first of these was written at the senator's New Hampshire home on the 10th of August; the other has just appeared. The first was written in response to many inquiries as to the effect of the depreciation of silver upon the prospects of bimetallism; of the restoration of silver free coinage by international agreement or otherwise."

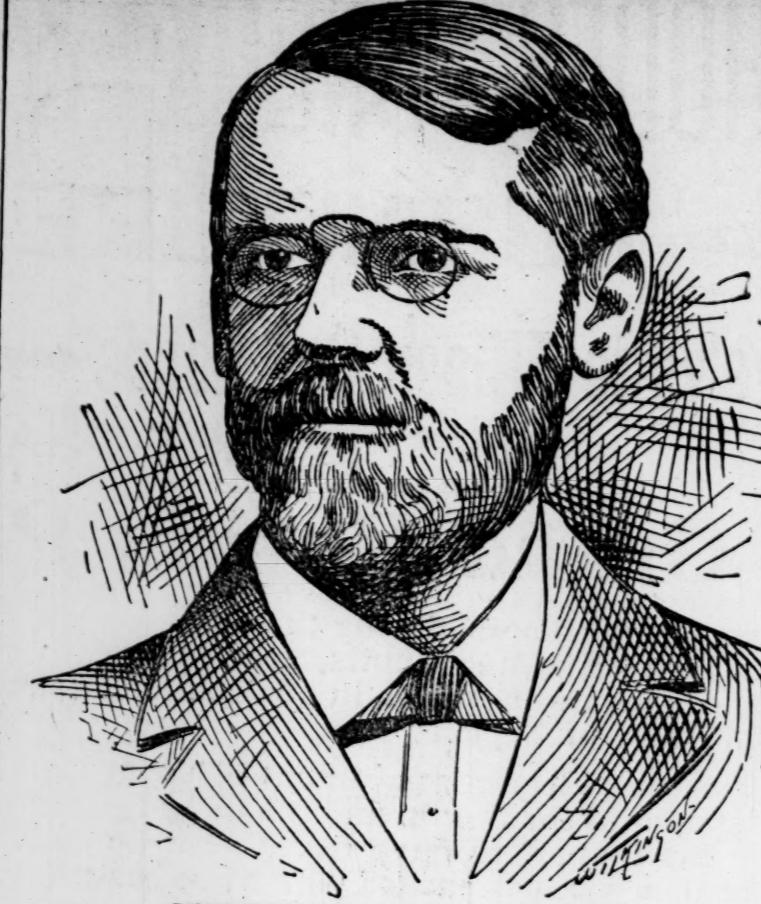
Ought To Expedite Bimetallism.

Answering that question briefly, Senator Chandler writes:

"I think the progressive depreciation of silver ought to expedite bimetallism as a means of preventing the full realization of the injuries which mankind must suffer if all the commercial nations of the world are to continue to move toward and to fully and finally reach and permanently adopt gold monometallism."

Developing his position, he goes on to say:

"One of the most important facts I have learned in connection with the study of this question is that the progress of great economic changes is very slow, and that the effect of the demonetization of silver by the nations, which began in 1873, was only partially felt during the twenty years prior to 1890, in which year the India mounds were first closed to silver, and that such effect has been by no means fully realized at the end of the four years since 1890. This point is a most important if not a vital one. If the complete results of discarding silver, which lowers prices and thereby hinders trade, have been already reached, and no future injury from demonetization is to be apprehended, possibly the world may be held to the single gold standard. But if the tendency of the last twenty years to a fall in prices caused, as alleged, by stopping the coinage of silver is much longer to continue to prevail, the nations of the world cannot be held to gold monometallism. The renewed coinage of silver will be irresistibly forced by uncontrollable



SENATOR WILLIAM C. CHANDLER.

popular movements. The temporary conditions of today or tomorrow will not settle a question so broad and universal as the issue between the new gold monometallism and the old bimetallism."

Silver's Fall Not Strange.

Senator Chandler sees nothing at all strange in the fall in the price of silver. On the contrary, he says:

"Under present conditions it is not strange that silver continues to fall in price. There is no longer any demand for the metal to coin into money, so every year \$20,000,000 worth (at the ratio of 15 to 1) must find its way into the arts, and in addition, the price is threatened by \$40,000,000 worth of silver now circulating in the world."

The test of any system must extend over many years of its operation, and it is only after many varying conditions, acting and reacting upon each other, many times with confusing and troublesome appearance."

"Thus when, prior to October, 1896, wheat fell in price to an unprecedented low figure, the silver men claimed that the cause of the fall was the demonetization of the gold standard, and that the gold men were more or less confounded. But when, in that month of October, wheat rose in price, the silver men claimed that the argument for silver based upon a fall in the price of commodities was refuted, and doubtless the gold men were more or less confounded. When, in the next month of November, wheat fell again, the silver men claimed that the argument for silver based upon a fall in the price of commodities was refuted, and doubtless the gold men were more or less confounded. But when, in the next month of December, wheat rose again, the silver men claimed that the argument for silver based upon a fall in the price of commodities was refuted, and doubtless the gold men were more or less confounded. 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When, in the next month of January, wheat fell again, the silver men claimed that the argument for silver based upon a fall in the price of commodities was refuted, and doubtless the gold men were more or less confounded. When, in the next month of February, wheat rose again,

## AT THE THEATERS.

All kinds of good things are promised Atlanta playgoers for the season which is now about to open. For the Grand alone more than half a score of last season's big metropolitan successes have been already booked, to say nothing of numerous brand new attractions and old favorites galore.

"Secret Service" is coming. This is the phenomenally successful war drama, which crowded Mr. Richard Mansfield out of his Garrick theater and was one of the very biggest hits of both New York and London seasons. It is uncertain whether or not William Gillette, the actor-playwright, will be with the company or not, but "Secret Service" cannot fail to take the most critical audience by storm if given anything like an adequate production.

"The Black Sheep" Edward Ross's dramatization of Wey's man's famous novel, will be seen with the original Empire theater cast. This will be the first time Charles Frohman's crack stock company has ever visited Atlanta and a rare treat is store for those who have never seen it.

Edwin Thanhouser, a Faust's celebrated young comedian, is now a member of the Empire company, and will appear here for the first time professionally as Captain La Roche in "Under the Red Robe."

Two of Charley Hoyt's comedies are coming—"A Black Sheep" with Otto Harlan in his great part of His Stuff, and "A Contented Woman," which was played in Caroline leading role, was played in "A Contented Woman," a picture of female suffrage. The scene is laid in Denver.

Don Souchette's popular comedy, "My Friend from India," is coming, too. It may score an electric hit at Hoyt's, last fall and winter, the season before the children began to get enough.

Elonated "Willie" de Wolf Hooper returns after an absence of one season. He is singing "El Capitan," of course, and it goes without saying that he will pack the Grand. It is probable that Souli's band will be along also, a mammoth combination, truly.

The Bostonians are coming with "The Serenade," which is pronounced by many critics the very best of Victor Herbert's operas.

The stage abounds in tuneful, catchy numbers and Harry Smith's book contains some of the brightest lines he ever wrote. Needless to say, Mr. Barnabas and his associates will fail to make the most of their opportunities.

"The Serenade" had a long run at the Knickerbocker last spring. The Bostonians remain other and older successes in their repertoire as well.

Weber and Fields, the old vaudeville team, have a little music hall in New York and one of the great money makers. One reason of their remarkable success is that they always furnish their patrons something more than a mere vaudeville show. A short two weeks ago, a league on some new money may be given nightly the last year they have had "The Art of Maryland," "The Geeler," "Under the Red Robe" and "Mrs. New York, Esq." The night before last, the burlesque was composed by John Stromberg and is unusually tuneful and catchy.

"The Geeler," a burlesque of "The Geisha," side by side with which musical comedy it ran for 150 nights last fall, is coming to Atlanta this season. The Geeler, a comedy of little merit, and it is by no means necessary to have heard "The Geisha" to enjoy it thoroughly. Dorothy and Gihara, of "The Rainmakers" fame, are the stars.

"The Geisha" will be here, too, and is good—very good. Just wait, people! Let's hope it will be a success, but it is not yet definitely known. Among those appearing in the two companies which were carrying "The Geisha" last winter were Herbert Grosch, Nancy Mcintosh, Virginia Earle, Dorothy Morton and Cyril Scott.

Everybody knows what "The Geisha" is, of course, but what it is not yet definitely known. Among those appearing in the two companies which were carrying "The Geisha" last winter were Herbert Grosch, Nancy Mcintosh, Virginia Earle, Dorothy Morton and Cyril Scott.

Two of John F. McNally's farce comedies "The Widow Jones" and "Courted Into Court" will be seen here. These two pieces have been played with great success by May 1st, and for two seasons. It is said that Marie Dressler will appear this season in "Courted Into Court."

"In Gay New York," one of Canary & Lederer's annual reviews, which drew big houses at the Grand last year, returns this season. Eddie Ford plays the parts which Walter Jones had in the year before.

"The Geeler," which packed the Herald Square theater for some two hundred consecutive performances last season comes to Atlanta some time between now and spring.

It is an importation from the duke of York's theater, London, and is over two hundred nights. Clara Lippman, Louis Mann and Joe Lippert are the singing arias of the American production.

Julia Marlowe—latter will appear here in "For Bonny Prince Charley," in which she scored a signal success at Wallack's last winter. "For Bonny Prince Charley" is a Scottish play dealing with a supposed incident in the life of Charles Stuart, the young pretender.

"Never Again" is another of Charles Frohman's big successes which he will send us. It filled out the post-Lenten season at the Garrick this year with crowds standing up almost nightly.

It is an adaptation from the French and is about as funny as anything could possibly be. In the original, which was at the M. Holliday, Mrs. Williams, Ford Lambie, Dickie DeWolf, May Robson and Agnes Miller. Some changes have been made, however, since the New York run.

Wilton Lackaye comes in a new play, "The Royal Secret."

Sydney Grundy's great play, "Sowing the Wind," returns this season, as does also "The Little Princess," "Becky of Me," "The Little Princess" are coming. "The Brownies" are booked for the Grand.

Walker Whiteside has forsaken Shakespeare for this season and will make his debut in romantic drama, "The Man in Black" has been dramatized for him. "The Twelve Temptations" and "The Devil's Auction" are booked for early dates.

Fanny Davenport returns to Atlanta after a absence of several years.

Another arrangement which will be noted with joy by all theatergoers is that Francis Wilson will come to Atlanta this season.

Roland Reed will pay Atlanta his annual visit of course.

Don Thompson comes for the first time in "The Old Homestead."

Bessie Bonelli is booked. She plays "Little Monte Christo" this season.

It is probable that Edward S. Willard, the most celebrated of the young English actors, will be seen here. Willard is an artist to be reckoned with. "Roxane's Comedy" or "Professor's Love Story" it would be hard to find. "H22" returns this season. "Shore Acres," with James A. Herne, will be seen. Stuart Robson is coming in a dramatization of "Ophelia's" "The Jackkins."

John O'Neill and Robert Downing will appear as usual.

Margaret Mathew will present legitimate plays.

Eugene Blaie is starring in repertoire. She will play this city.

Patricia & Wren's and Al G. Field's minstrels will be seen here.

Ward and Yokes, Murray and Mack, James B. Mackie, Charles A. Gardner and Kelly and Mason will all be here.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" returns this season.

"The Nancy Hanks," "On the Bowery" with Chuck Connors and Frank Bush; "Hogans' Alley" and "The Last Stroke" are all to be seen here.

The Grand opens its regular night with Sutton Vane's "Humanity."

The chances are that Atlanta will have the greatest theatrical season of her entire history.



WELL-MADE TROUSERS  
AT ONE-THIRD OFF!

## THE GRAND

Tuesday and Wednesday, MATINEE  
Aug. 31 and Sep. 1, WEDNESDAY.

Sutton Vane's Great Play,

"HUMANITY."

25 PEOPLE. 10 HORSES.  
20 FOX HOUNDS.

The Great English Hunting Scene  
The Ruined Abbey by Moonlight.  
The Combat on Horseback.  
Sale Opens Saturday at Grand  
Box Office. Phone 1079.

Thursday Night, September 2  
—FIRST TIME HERE—

DAVIS & KEOGH'S  
Great Scenic Production,

"On the Bowery."

—INTRODUCING—

CHUCK CONNERS,  
New York's Bowery Character,

And the Great Comedian,

MR. FRANK BUSH.

Staged With a Carload of Scenery.

Sale opens Tuesday at Grand Box Office.

## EISEMAN & WEIL

3 Whitehall St.

## IMPERIAL STEEL PLATE

\$24.50.



FRENCH RANGES.

Cheapest, Best, Largest.  
Send for Sheet 10,000 Testimonials  
and Catalogue.

WOOD & BEAUMONT  
• Stove and Furniture Co.,  
85-87 Whitehall, 70-72 S. Broad.

Fell from a Window.

Early this morning Henry Garret fell from a window in the second story of his residence. While the fall was a long one, the man was not very seriously injured, though badly bruised.

Very large choice boarding house close in; best location, Calh.

7-rooms and basement two blocks from the passenger depot, south side.

Two blocks north of the blocks of Kimball house, for a family, in a close in residence, in good condition.

7-room residence, everything modern, very close in, south side, very convenient.

8-room residence; large lot; shade; garden; No. 1 location; West End.

6-room cottage, south side, water and sewerage.

4-room cottage, west side, same.

4-room house near cotton factory.

For Rent by D. P. Morris & Sons, 41  
North Broad Street.

14-r. h. Jackson street, g. and w. .... \$15.00  
9-r. h. East Calm, g. and w. .... 25.00  
9-r. h. Fullam. .... 12.50  
9-r. h. South Pryor, water. .... 16.00  
9-r. h. East Ellis, g. and w. .... 32.00  
9-r. h. Dood, water. .... 27.50  
8-r. h. Auburn, g. and w. .... 20.00  
8-r. h. Capitol avenue, g. and w. .... 30.00  
8-r. h. Loyd, g. and w. .... 16.00  
8-r. h. Younge, g. and w. .... 16.50  
8-r. h. Luckie, g. and w. .... 18.00  
7-r. h. Gresham, g. and w. .... 15.00  
7-r. h. Formwalt, g. and w. .... 22.50  
7-r. h. Windsor, g. and w. .... 22.50  
7-r. h. Dunlap, g. and w. .... 22.50  
7-r. h. Rawson, g. and w. .... 12.50

For Rent by C. H. Girardeau & Co., 8  
East Wall Street.

19-r. h. 188 N. Boulevard. .... \$4.00  
11-r. h. 229 Courtland. .... 45.00  
9-r. h. 318 Washington street. .... 45.00  
8-r. h. 1000 Peachtree street. .... 35.00  
8-r. h. 95 Trinity avenue. .... 20.00  
8-r. h. 242 Washington. .... 20.00  
8-r. h. 151 Madison street. .... 20.00  
8-r. h. 49 Woodward and Fullam. .... 20.00  
7-r. h. 50 Smith street. .... 22.50  
7-r. h. 229 Courtland street. .... 22.50  
7-r. h. 123 E. Fair. .... 18.00  
6-r. h. 53 Cooper street. .... 25.00  
6-r. h. 109 East Georgia avenue. .... 22.50  
5-r. h. 213 B. St. new. .... 12.50  
5-r. h. 213 B. St. new. .... 12.50  
Big demand medium-sized houses. List them with us and have them rented.

For Rent by G. J. Dallas, 19 S. Broad  
Street.

9-r. h. 382 Jackson street, large lot. .... \$25.00  
9-r. h. 106 Woodward avenue. .... 20.00  
10-r. h. Gordon's, furnished, to right  
party. .... 20.00  
8-r. h. Lee street. .... 20.00  
7-r. h. 267 Peachtree street. .... 20.00  
7-r. h. Fullam street. .... 21.50  
7-r. h. 67 Smith. .... 18.00  
7-r. h. 107 Peachtree street. .... 20.00  
7-r. h. 49 Garrett street. .... 20.00  
8-r. h. 20 Fair street; close in. .... 25.00  
8-r. h. 70 Woodward ave., g. and w. .... 16.00  
8-r. h. 109 Peachtree street. .... 25.00  
8-r. h. Capitol avenue, 2 acres land. .... 25.00  
4-r. h. and store, McDaniel street. .... 27.50  
4-r. h. Grant park, nice grove. .... 12.50

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8-r. h. 70 Woodward ave., g. and w. .... 16.00  
8-r. h. 109 Peachtree street. .... 25.00  
8-r. h. Capitol avenue, 2 acres land. .... 25.00  
4-r. h. and store, McDaniel street. .... 27.50  
4-r. h. Grant park, nice grove. .... 12.50

For Sale—ART SQUARES, 12x9 ft. .... \$5.25  
SMYRNA RUGS, PORTIERES and POLES,  
FANCY REED ROCKERS

CLOSING OUT VAPOR STOVES  
AND ICE CREAM FREEZERS

At Cost for Balance of Season

150 and 152 Marietta St.

## AUCTION.

## GRAND FALL OPENING SALE AT THE BRADY-MILLER STABLES.

Conducted by Mr. Byrd L. Lewis.

A carload of Horses, consisting of Roadsters, Teams, Saddle and Harness Horses direct from Kentucky, carefully selected by Mr. Lewis himself, will be offered at AUCTION on

Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1897, at 10 a. m.  
COME TO THE AUCTION.

Don't Pay

A Premium

For A Name!

Our Derbies at \$3.00 and \$3.50 have all the excellence and elegance that distinguish those sold under a registered brand at \$5.00. Same blocks; same quality; same finish; same colors. Can't tell 'em apart when side by side.

Would you pay \$1.50 or \$2.00 just for a name? Well, I guess not!

Our Autumn Hats are here!

The Geo. Muse Clothing Co  
38 WHITEHALL ST.

## We Want Houses To Rent.

We have large number of the very best

tenants who want good houses and we

haven't what they want. If you have any

thing list it with us and we can no doubt

please you with an occupant. Call on or

'phone us. GREEN & MATTHEWS,

37 N. Broad-street.

For Rent by D. Morrison.

I HAVE BEEN RECEIVING many

inquiries for houses which always comes about Sep-

tember 1st, and have now over 100 houses

VERTY

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Oak Chamber  
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Out of town

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## WANTED—Salesmen.

**SALESMEN**—Luminous signs, name plates and street numbers; readable, darkest nibs; samples free. Thomas Company, East 23rd street, New York.

**SALESMEN WANTED**—\$100 to \$150 monthly and expenses. Staple line, position permanent, pleasant, desirable. Address, with stamp, Seymour-Whitney Co., C. 140, Chicago.

**SALESMEN—Experienced** salesman for Georgia or Alabama to carry samples as side line. Address, W. H. Miller, wholesale dealer, 29 Peachtree street.

**SALESMEN—An experienced clothing salesman with good references to go to a neighbor city. Address, Reliability, this office.**

## WANTED—Male Help.

**WANTED**—A good life insurance agent for three months special contract, commencing September 1st. Apply Julius A. Bunn, 1000 Peachtree, Atlanta, Ga.

**SALESMEN WANTED**—\$100 to \$150 monthly and expenses. Staple line, position permanent, pleasant, desirable. Address, with stamp, Seymour-Whitney Co., C. 140, Chicago.

**PRESIDENT MCKINLEY WANTS HELP.**—He greatly extended the civil service by now he had with him. Thousands of places can be had with him. Applications to be held in all places. Examinations soon to be held in all places. Four years ago we originated examinations and made of our civil service examinations a great chance for any man willing to work for A. Nielsen, Cincinnati, O.

**WANTED**—First-class furnishing goods man with large trade in Georgia and South Carolina. Address, W. H. Miller, wholesale dealer, 29 Peachtree street.

**WANTED**—An experienced clothing salesman with good references to go to a neighbor city. Address, Reliability, this office.

**WANTED**—Salary or commission. Old established brands tobacco and cigars. To retail trade, wholesale and private. Send name, postage stamp and particulars. New South Tobacco and Cigar Works, Winston, N. C.

**WANTED**—First-class furnishing goods man with large trade in Georgia and South Carolina. Address, W. H. Miller, wholesale dealer, 29 Peachtree street.

**WANTED**—A competent coffee salesman for Georgia and Alabama. Address, with stamp, Seymour-Whitney Co., C. 140, Chicago.

**WANTED**—Experienced hardware salesman to travel southwestern Georgia and southeastern Alabama; only those who are acquainted with the territory need apply. Address, Hardware, box 233, Savannah.

**WANTED**—Traveling salesman for advertising calendars, exclusively or as side line. Address, with stamp, Seymour-Whitney Co., C. 140, Chicago.

**WANTED**—An experienced hardware salesman to travel southwestern Georgia and southeastern Alabama. Address, with stamp, Seymour-Whitney Co., C. 140, Chicago.

**WANTED**—An experienced white woman to cook and assist in nursing baby; good home and wages. Apply in person to 29 Hurt street, Atlanta, Ga.

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